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THE
DREAM OF A DAY,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

BY
JAMES G. PERCIVAL.

NEW HAVEN.,
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PREFACE.

THE present volume is composed, for the most part, of a series of shorter pieces, part of which have been published in a fugitive form, at different intervals since the publication of my last volume (*Clio*, No. III, 1827,) and part of which have till now remained in manuscript. The longer piece, at the commencement of the volume, takes its name (*Dream of a Day*) partly from its subject, and partly from the time in which it was written. This is one of the later written pieces. The others are arranged, mostly, in the order of time in which they were written. The reader will perceive, in running over the volume, that a great variety of measure is introduced, (more than one hundred and fifty different forms or modifications of stanza,) much of which is borrowed from the verse of other languages, particularly of the German. This last is especially true of the *Lays* (p. 104—127.) The *Songs* (p. 67—69) are from Spanish and Italian measures. The imitations of different

Classic measures, as well as the Songs for National Airs, are more particularly explained in the introduction to each. In adopting different measures from the German, I was led, by their peculiar rhythm, to use our adjective adverbially, according to the German idiom, and I may add, according to the idiom of our Saxon ancestors, still retained in the expressive language of common life. This form of expression is certainly more energetic than that in which we use the constantly recurring and cumbrous adverbial suffix *ly*. It may not, however, be sanctioned by general usage, the legislator in all matters of language.

The limits of the present volume, as well as the character of its contents in general, have precluded from it a series of specimens of different varieties or systems of national verse, in which I had designed to give, under the general head of "Studies in Verse," imitations of the versification of all accessible cultivated languages, systematically arranged, and illustrated by comments. These, as well as a quite extensive series of Translations from different languages, (accompanied with illustrative remarks,) part of which have been already published in a fugitive form, and part of which still remain in manuscript, may hereafter furnish materials for another volume, if an opportunity should ever offer for their publication.

In the long interval which has elapsed since the publication of my last volume of poems, (sixteen years,) I have been most of the time engaged in pursuits which have had little or no relation to poetical studies, or which have been peculiarly adverse to them; consequently, during this period, the composition of verse has been to me only an occasional amusement or exercise. As such

I offer this volume ; not as the fruits of a continued and regular study of an art, which, for the high principles it involves, and the great powers which it demands for its true and most successful cultivation, deserves to hold a place in the first rank. It is unnecessary to say any thing in vindication of an art, which requires a mastery of the riches and niceties of a language ; a full knowledge of the science of versification, not only in its own peculiar principles of rhythm and melody, but in its relations to elocution and music, with that delicate natural perception, and that facile execution, which render the composition of verse hardly less easy than that of prose ; a deep and quick insight into the nature of man, in all his varied faculties, intellectual and emotive ; a clear and full perception of the power and beauty of nature, and of all its various harmonies with our own thoughts and feelings ; and to gain a high rank in the present age, wide and exact attainments in literature and art in general. Nor is the possession of such faculties and attainments all that is necessary ; but such a sustained and self-collected state of mind as gives one the mastery of his genius, and at the same time presents to him the ideal as an immediate reality, not as a remote conception. Such a cultivation of the poetical art is only for those who can devote themselves to it under favourable auspices ; not for one who can only give to it, now and then, a few moments of leisure.

NEW HAVEN, JULY, 1813.

ERRATA.

Page 33, line 2, for "first of day," read, first day.

Page 39, line 23, insert comma at end of line.

Page 175, line 9, read ! at end of line.

“ “ line 23, after "comfort," insert comma.

Page 192, at end of line 8, read period, in part of the edition.

Page 219, line 3, (Alcaic,) after "youth," insert comma.

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THE
DREAM OF A DAY,
AND
OTHER POEMS.

THE DREAM OF A DAY.

In silent gloom the world before me lay—
In deepest night embosomed it reposed ;
All genial hues of life had passed away—
In sleep profound the eye of day had closed ;
Beamed through the voiceless calm no fitful ray—
Great Nature's heart to stillness all composed ;
Oblivious dreams alone were moving there,
Like soft wings fanning light the summer air.

Meseemed a rustling plume was hovering o'er me—

Unwonted yearnings thronged around my heart ;
A spirit, half unseen, stood dim before me—

I caught the vision with unconscious start,
And suddenly a shadowy grasp upbore me,

Swift as the glancing of a feathered dart—
Gently as stream of air through darkness gliding,
Then softly as on pillowed down subsiding.

Silence was broken, as my flight descended—

A whispered tone of most Æolian sweetness,
Where many voices seemed accordant blended,

All to a dulcet swell of full completeness,
Breathing as if by golden harps attended,

Now lingering slow, now waked to magic fleet-
ness,

Heaved now in solemn surge, now faintly falling,
Like voice of love in airy distance calling.

Again all laid in deeper calm, as when

The midnight storm, far o'er the hills departing,
Murmurs in echoes lightly first, and then

Whispers its soft farewell, the spirit starting
At the still hush that follows, or as when pain,

Like flashes through the frame intensely darting,
Yields to a soothing balm, how blest reposes
The heart, and slumber sweet the eye-lid closes.

All lay a void before me, when afar

Just gleamed, as moonlight through a rifted cloud,
A tremulous ray, fainter than smallest star

Quivering through haze, and dim as spectre shroud
Floating in night of caves, while round the air

Gathered intenser gloom : as ocean, plowed
By gliding keel, trembles in liquid light,
So dawned that ray forth from profoundest night.

Slowly it dawned, and images arose

From out the void, as worlds from chaos born,
Hovering like phantoms o'er a stream that flows

Deep under veil of mist in earliest morn :
As leafy boughs, when fresh the zephyr blows,
Shift in the wave, or on the dew-bright thorn
Quick rainbows dance, uncertain so they played,
And half unveiled, amid that world of shade.

Then from the abyss, as pillared flame ascending,

Upstreamed a fuller day, and widely rolled
Its kindling light, distincter being lending

To what seemed shadowy dreams ; its iris fold
Turned slowly back the night, in vain contending

Before its fulgent arms : first silvery cold
They gleamed, then warm and golden glowed be-
fore me ;

Earth smiled around, and heaven's blue glittered
o'er me.

A scene of orient pomp, where lay united
In loved embrace the vivid and the tender—
Temple and tower, by self-effulgence lighted,
Streaming through clustered palms their magic
splendor—

Column, the fervent pilgrim hailed delighted,
Reared to his country's saviour and defender—
Palace, whose thousand windows, ruby-flashing,
Tinted the fountain o'er its terrace dashing.

Again in classic beauty still reposing,
A soft Ionian sky above it swelling—
Long flowery vales in gentle vistas closing—
Peaks snowy pure, dark summits cloud-compel-
ling—

Smooth marble hills, the wandering bee composing
To nectared sleep—rocks, the mysterious dwelling
Of prescient god—bright city, fitly moulded,
Round lofty fane and citadel enfolded.

Again wild nature—Alp on Alp uplifted,
Shooting into the heaven in pointed pride—
Rose-tinted snows, blue glassy torrents rifted
Deep to dark night—dim gorges yawning wide
Mid jetty crags, o'er which the cat'ract, drifted
In surging foam, heaved broad its thundering tide—
Far glimpses through rude glens to lake and stream
Reposing peacefully, as in a dream.

And then a pastoral scene of my own land—

Groves darkly green, white farms, and pastures
gay

With golden flowers—brooks stealing over sand

Or smooth worn pebbles, murmuring light away—

Blue rye-fields, yielding to the gentle hand

Of the cool west wind—scented fields of hay,

Falling in purple bloom—free hearts that feel

'Their being doubled in their country's weal.

And there my heart reposed, as mother yearning

Over her cradled infant, sweetly smiling

In innocent dreams—its rose lip lightly turning

In slumbering joy, some shape of love beguiling

Its quiet soul to bliss ; so I, discerning

'Those scenes where erst my happy spirit, whiling

In sportful peace life's dawn away, yet knew

No griefs that wring, felt life revived anew.

Beneath a broad crowned oak, on sloping hill

O'erlooking wide the lovely region round,

On soft thick turf I lay : the air was still—

Distinctly heard was each remotest sound,

The clacking wheel in cornfield, at the mill

'The circling splash, and far the faint rebound

Of low and bleat from mountain side, the stir

Of insect swarms, the drone bee's hum and swirl.

The sun rolled on to noon ; through the light leaves
Scarce quiv'ring in the tremulous air, the blue
Of heaven looked gently, as when fondly weaves
Young love its tenderest smile, while trembling
through

Checked tears—for even when blest it inly grieves
Unconscious—darts its glance, as light through
dew.

In the cool shade I lay, while o'er the ground
Waved the warm undulations wide around.

Half slumbering I lay—then as a veil
Fell the faint lid, and dim the scene afar
Floated in magic shade : the freshening gale,
Breathed from the rolling sea, then stirred the air,
And whispering softly, as the fond heart's tale
Told in the twilight dusk, awoke me there
With its cool kisses ; low the sun descending
With the blue mountain haze was richly blending.

Evening came on apace—in full orb'd glory
The sun drew to his couch—through vista'd trees
He glided—flashing broad and full he wore a
Look of unwonted joy, for rest and ease
After his day of toil—far clouds hung hoary
Along the east, then kindled by degrees
As slow he sunk—fresh bloomed the aerial rose,
While streamed the West, as gushing furnace glows.

'Twilight ere long to solemn darkness faded—

The wide funereal flame grew amber clear,
And ever lower sinking, softly shaded

Its light with mellow tints—round the wide
sphere

A belt of palest violet was braided,

Pale as the flower we scatter on the bier ;
'This died away, and one by one on high
'The stars took up their night-watch in the sky.

I sat amid the darkness, and above

The oak looked spectrally, while every star
Hung o'er me like a messenger of love,

Herald of some fair world, if world more fair
Than this brave earth has being; as a dove

Hovering suspended in the summer air,
Peace brooded with light wings the voiceless sleep
Of tired hearts beating low in slumber deep.

A spirit stood before me half unseen,

Majestic and severe, yet o'er him played
A genial light—subdued though high his mien,
As by a strong collected spirit swayed—

In even balance justly poised between

Each wild extreme, proud strength by feeling
stayed—

Dwelling in upper realms serenely bright,
Lifted above the shadowy sphere of night.

He stood before me, and I heard a tone,
Such as from mortal lips had never flowed,
Soft yet commanding, gentle yet alone
It bowed the listener's heart—anon it glowed
Intensely fervent, then like wood notes thrown
On the chance winds, in airy lightness rode—
Now swelled like ocean surge, now pausing fell
Like the last murmur of a muffled bell.

“Lone pilgrim through life's gloom,” thus spake the
shade,

“Hold on with steady will along thy way :
Thou by a kindly favoring hand wert made—
Hard though thy lot, yet thine what can repay
Long years of bitter toil—the holy aid
Of spirit aye is thine, be that thy stay :
Thine to behold the true, to feel the pure,
To know the good and lovely—these endure.

Hold on—thou hast in thee thy best reward ;
Poor are the largest stores of sordid gain,
If from the heaven of thought the soul is barred,
If the high spirit's bliss is sought in vain :
Think not thy lonely lot is cold or hard,
The world has never bound thee with its chain ;
Free as the birds of heaven thy heart can soar,
Thou canst create new worlds—what wouldst thou
more ?

The future age will know thee—yea, even now
Hearts beat and tremble at thy bidding, tears
Flow as thou movest thy wand, thy word can bow
Even ruder natures, the dull soul uprears
As thou thy trumpet blast attunest—thou
Speakest, and each remotest valley hears :
Thou hast the gift of song—a wealth is thine,
Richer than all the treasures of the mine.

Hold on, glad spirits company thy path—
They minister to thee, though all unseen :
Even when the tempest lifts its voice in wrath,
Thou joyest in its strength ; the orient sheen
Gladdens thee with its beauty ; winter hath
A holy charm that soothes thee, like the green
Of infant May—all nature is thy friend,
All seasons to thy life enchantment lend.

Man too thou know'st and feelest—all the springs
That wake his smile and tear, his joy and sorrow,
All that uplifts him on emotion's wings,
Each longing for a fair and blest to-morrow,
Each tone that soothes or saddens, all that rings
Joyously to him, thou canst fitly borrow
From thy own breast, and blend it in a strain,
To which each human heart beats back again.

Thine the unfettered thought, alone controlled
By nature's truth; thine the wide-seeing eye,
Catching the delicate shades, yet apt to hold
The whole in its embrace—before it lie
Pictured in fairest light, as chart unrolled,
Fields of the present and of destiny:
'The voice of truth amid the senseless throng
May now be lost; 'tis heard and felt ere long.

Hold on—live for the world—live for all time—
Rise in thy conscious power, but gently bear
Thy form among thy fellows; sternly climb
The spirit's alpine peaks; mid snow towers there
Nurse the pure thought, but yet accordant chime
With lowlier hearts in valleys green and fair.—
Sustain thyself—yield to no meaner hand,
Even though he rule awhile thy own dear land.

Brief is his power, oblivion waits the churl
Bound to his own poor self; his form decays,
But sooner fades his name. Thou shalt unfurl
Thy standard to the winds of future days—
Well mayest thou in thy soul defiance hurl
On such who would subdue thee; thou shalt raise
Thy name, when they are dust, and nothing more:
Hold on—in earnest hope still look before.

Nerved to a stern resolve, fulfill thy lot—

Reveal the secrets nature has unveiled thee ;
All higher gifts by toil intense are bought—

Has thy firm will in action ever failed thee?
Only on distant summits fame is sought—

Sorrow and gloom thy nature has entailed thee,
But bright thy present joys, and brighter far
The hope that draws thee like a heavenly star.”

The voice was still—its tone in distance dying

Breathed in my ear, like harp faint heard at even,
Soft as the autumn wind through sere leaves sighing,

When flaky clouds athwart the moon are driven.
Far through the viewless gloom the spirit flying,

Winged his high passage to his native heaven,
But o'er me still he seemed in kindness bending,
Fresh hope and firmer purpose to me lending.

GENIUS WAKING.

SLUMBER's heavy chain hath bound thee—

Where is now thy fire ?

Feebler wings are gathering round thee—

Shall they hover higher ?

Can no power, no spell recall thee

From inglorious dreams ?

O ! could glory so appall thee

With his burning beams ?

Thine was once the highest pinion

In the midway air ;

With a proud and sure dominion,

Thou didst upward bear—

Like the herald, winged with lightning,

From the Olympian throne,

Ever mounting, ever brightening,

Thou wert there alone.

Where the pillared props of heaven
 Glitter with eternal snows,
Where no darkling clouds are driven,
 Where no fountain flows—
Far above the rolling thunder,
 When the surging storm
Rent its sulphury folds asunder,
 We beheld thy form.

O! what rare and heavenly brightness
 Flowed around thy plumes,
As a cascade's foamy whiteness
 Lights a cavern's glooms—
Wheeling through the shadowy ocean,
 Like a shape of light,
With serene and placid motion,
 'Thou wert dazzling bright.

From that cloudless region stooping,
 Downward thou didst rush,
Not with pinion faint and drooping,
 But the tempest's gush—
Up again undaunted soaring,
 'Thou didst pierce the cloud,
When the warring winds were roaring
 Fearfully and loud.

Where is now that restless longing
After higher things—
Come they not, like visions, thronging
On their airy wings—
Why should not their glow enchant thee
Upward to their bliss?
Surely danger cannot daunt thee
From a heaven like this.

But thou slumberest—faint and quivering
Hangs thy ruffled wing,
Like a dove's in winter shivering,
Or a feebler thing.
Where is now thy might and motion,
Thy imperial flight?
Where is now thy heart's devotion,
Where thy spirit's light?

Hark—his rustling plumage gathers
Closer to his side,
Close, as when the storm-bird weathers
Ocean's hurrying tide—
Now his nodding beak is steady,
Wide his burning eye—
Now his opening wings are ready,
And his aim—how high!

Now he curves his neck, and proudly—
Now is stretched for flight—
Hark! his wings—they thunder loudly,
And their flash—how bright!
Onward—onward, over mountain,
Through the rack and storm,
Now like sunset over fountain,
Flits his glancing form.

Glorious bird! thy dream has left thee,
Thou hast reached thy heaven—
Lingering slumber hath not rest thee
Of the glory given—
With a bold, a fearless pinion,
On thy starry road,
None, to fame's supreme dominion,
Mightier ever trode.

TO THE EAGLE.

BIRD of the broad and sweeping wing!
Thy home is high in heaven,
Where wide the storms their banners fling,
And the tempest clouds are driven.
Thy throne is on the mountain top;
Thy fields the boundless air;
And hoary peaks, that proudly prop
The skies, thy dwellings are.

Thou sittest, like a thing of light,
Amid the noontide blaze;
The midway sun is clear and bright—
It cannot dim thy gaze.
Thy pinions, to the rushing blast
O'er the bursting billow spread,
Where the vessel plunges, hurry past,
Like an angel of the dead.

'Thou art perched aloft on the beetling crag,
And the waves are white below,
And on, with a haste that cannot lag,
'They rush in an endless flow.
Again thou hast plumed thy wing for flight
To lands beyond the sea,
And away, like a spirit wreathed in light,
'Thou hurriest wild and free.

'Thou hurriest over the myriad waves,
And thou leavest them all behind ;
'Thou sweepest that place of unknown graves,
Fleet as the tempest wind.
When the night-storm gathers dim and dark,
With a shrill and a boding scream,
'Thou rushest by the foundering bark,
Quick as a passing dream.

Lord of the boundless realm of air !
In thy imperial name
'The hearts of the bold and ardent dare
'The dangerous path of fame.
Beneath the shade of thy golden wings,
'The Roman legions bore,
From the river of Egypt's cloudy springs,
'Their pride, to the polar shore.

For thee they fought, for thee they fell,
And their oath was on thee laid :
To thee the clarions raised their swell,
And the dying warrior prayed.
Thou wert, through an age of death and fears,
The image of pride and power,
Till the gathered rage of a thousand years
Burst forth in one awful hour.

And then, a deluge of wrath it came,
And the nations shook with dread ;
And it swept the earth, till its fields were flame,
And piled with the mingled dead.
Kings were rolled in the wasteful flood,
With the low and crouching slave ;
And together lay, in a shroud of blood,
The coward and the brave.

And where was then thy fearless flight ?
“ O'er the dark mysterious sea,
To the lands that caught the setting light,
The cradle of liberty.
There, on the silent and lonely shore,
For ages I watched alone,
And the world, in its darkness, asked no more,
Where the glorious bird had flown.

But there came a bold and hardy few,
And they breasted the unknown wave ;
I caught afar the wandering crew,
And I knew they were high and brave.
I wheeled around the welcome bark,
As it sought the desolate shore,
And up to heaven, like a joyous lark,
My quivering pinions bore.

And now that bold and hardy few
Are a nation wide and strong,
And danger and doubt I have led them through,
And they worship me in song ;
And over their bright and glancing arms,
On field and lake and sea,
With an eye that fires, and a spell that charms,
I guide them to victory."

SENECA LAKE.

ONE evening in the pleasant month of May,
On a green hillock swelling from the shore
Above thy emerald wave, when the clear west
Was all one sheet of light, I sat me down,
Wearied, yet happy. I had wandered long,
That bright fair day ; and all the way, my path
Was tended by a warm and soothing air,
That breathed like bliss ; and round me all the woods
Opened their yellow buds, and every cottage
Was bowered in blossoms, for the orchard trees
Were all in flower. I came, at close of day,
Down to thy brink, and it was pleasure there
To bathe my dripping forehead in thy cool
Transparent waters. I refreshed me long
With the bright sparkling stream, and from the
pebbles,
That bedded all thy margin, singled out
Rare casts of unknown shells, from off thy cliffs

Broken by wintry surges. Thou wert calm,
Even as an infant calm, that gentle evening;
And one could hardly dream thou'dst ever met
And wrestled with the storm. A breath of air,
Felt only in its coolness, from the west
Stole over thee, and stirred thy golden mirror
Into long waves, that only showed themselves
In ripples on thy shore—far distant ripples,
Breaking the silence with their quiet kisses,
And softly murmuring peace. Up the green hillock
I mounted languidly, and at the summit,
On the new grass reposed, and saw that evening
Fade sweetly over thee.

Far to the south

Thy slumbering waters floated, one long sheet
Of burnished gold—between thy nearer shores
Softly embraced, and melting distantly
Into a yellow haze, embosomed low
Mid shadowy hills and misty mountains, all
Covered with showery light, as with a veil
Of airy gauze. Beautiful were thy shores,
And manifold their outlines, here up-swelling
In bossy green—there hung in slaty cliffs,
Black as if hewn from jet, and over-topped
With the dark cedar's tufts, or new leaved birch,
Bright as the wave below. How glassy clear
The far expanse. Beneath it all the sky

Swelled downward, and its fleecy clouds were gay
With all their rainbow fringes, and the trees,
And cliffs, and grassy knolls, were all repeated
Along the uncertain shores—so clearly seen
Beneath the invisible transparency,
That land and water mingled, and the one
Seemed melting in the other. O! how soft
Yon mountain's heavenly blue, and all o'erlaid
With a pale tint of roses. Deep between
The ever-narrowing lake, just faintly marked
By its reflected light, and farther on
Buried in vapory foam, as if a surf
Heaved on its utmost shore. How deep the silence—

Only the rustling boughs, the broken ripple,
The cricket, and the tree-frog, with the tinkle
Of bells in fold and pasture, or a voice
Heard from a distant farm, or hollow bay
Of home-returning hound—a virgin land
Just rescued from the wilderness, still showing
Wrecks of the giant forest, yet all bright
With a luxuriant culture, springing wheat,
And meadows richly green—the blessed gift
Of liberty and law. I gazed upon them,
And on the unchanging lake, and felt awhile
Unutterable joy—I loved my land
With more than filial love—it was a joy,
That only spake in tears.

With early dawn
I woke, and found the lake was up before me,
For a fresh stirring breeze came from the south,
And all its deep green waves were tossed and
mingled
Into a war of foam. The new risen sun
Shone on them, as if they were worlds of stars,
Or gems, or crystals, or some other thing
Sparry and flashing bright. A gentle murmur,
A roar scarce uttered, like a voice of mirth
Amid the dancing waters, blended well
With the Æolian whispering of boughs
In a wide grove of pines. The fields and woods
Were sparkling all with dew, and curling smoke
Rose from the cottage fires—the robin, too,
And the brown thrush, and other birds concealed
Amid the half-blown thickets, joyously
Poured out their morning songs, and thus attended,
I wandered by the shore. O! it was pleasant,
To feel the dashing of the dewy spray
Rain on my forehead, and to look between
Long crests of foam, into an unknown depth
Of deepest green, and then to see that green
Soft changing into snow. Over this waste
Of rolling surges, on a lofty bank,
With a broad surf beneath it, brightly shone
White roofs, and spires, and gilded vanes, and win-
dows,

Each like a flame—thy peaceful tenements,
Geneva, aptly named; for not the walls
By the blue arrowy Rhone, nor Lemman's lake,
With all its vineyard shores and mouldering castles,
Nor even its shaggy mountains, nor above
Its world of Alpine snows—these are not more
Than thou, bright Seneca, whether at peace,
As I at evening met thee, or this morning,
Tossed into foam. Thou too shalt have thy fame—
Genius shall make thy hills his home, and here
Shall build his airy visions—bards shall come,
And fondly sing thee—pilgrims too shall haunt
Thy sacred waters, and in after ages,
O! may some votary sit on the hillock,
At evening, by thy shore.

LAYS OF THE SEASONS.



SPRING.

COME to my festival ! Come to my festival !

This is the first of day of May—

'The sun is rejoicing alone in heaven ;

'The clouds have all hurried away.

Down in the meadow the blossoms are waking,

Light on their twigs the young leaves are shaking ;

Round the warm knolls the lambs are a-leaping,

The colt from his fold o'er the pasture is sweeping ;

And on the bright lake the little waves break,

For there the cool west is at play.

Come to my festival ! Come to my festival !

This is the first day of May.

Come to my festival! Come to my festival!

Lose not so happy a day—

The maidens are pranking their locks with flowers,

And donning their proudest array.

Over the mountain the south wind is rolling,

And tossing its forest in billows;

Through orchard and vineyard and garden strolling,

And whispering among the green willows.

Then mount the plumed bonnet, with true-love knots
on it,

Haste hither!—O! how can ye stay?—

Come to my festival! Come to my festival!

This is the first day of May.

SUMMER.

GOLDEN is the harvest field,

Bright the sky above,

And its orb a burning shield

On the arm of Jove;

Hot the wearied reaper toils

Till the day is done,

And the flashing ocean boils

Round the setting sun.

O! some cool, some midnight cave

By the rushing river,

There my beating pulse to lave,

Sleep and dream forever.

All are now in serious strife,
Gathering in their grain ;
'Tis their being, hope and life—
Hark ! the hurrying wain—
No ! the distant thunder peal,
Rolling from the hills—
See the eddying tempest wheel !
How it swells and stills !
High above its brazen van
Juts—behind it roars
Wind, hail, thunder—what is man,
When the deluge pours !

AUTUMN.

My horn is overflowing,
My fruits all red,
And not a wind is blowing,
But sweets have fed.
The vineyard slope is gushing
With purple wine,
And amber streams are rushing
From every vine.
Near hill to far blue mountain,
Low vale and plain,
Wide lake and rock-built fountain,
My song of joy repeat again.

Young girls beside their lovers
Now pluck the vine—
Its yellow foliage covers
Love's softest twine.
With loaded baskets reeling
They home return;
And when the dance is wheeling,
Black eyes—they burn.
Io, Io triumphe!
The peans swell;
And now their nectar flowing,
That gush of joy, O! who can tell.

WINTER.

BELOW me rings the lake,
The stars above me burn,
Away the skaters break,
And glide and wheel and turn;
Keen blows the cutting north,
Against the wind they drive,
And as they hurry forth,
The air is all alive.
Shout and carol, jest and boast,
So they sound along;
Send thy keenest arrows, Frost!
We will give thee song.

'The east is growing bright,
The crystal forest flashes,
And in the dawning light,
Like gold the cascade dashes.
'The rainbow spans the sky,
But all her proudest show,
Her deepest tinctures die
Before the pomp below.
Rock and river, tree and fountain,
Glitter thick with gems ;
Rolling hill and craggy mountain
Glow like diadems.

THE LIGHT GUITAR.

THE light guitar, the light guitar—
I hear its tinkling sound afar,
Where underneath the evening star
 The dance is wheeling;
And many a laugh, and many a shout
The busy echoes toss about,
Till joyous with the merry rout
 The hills are pealing.

The light guitar—I know it well;
I heard it first when evening fell
Around the vine-embowered well
 By Rhone's broad river.
Joy to thy valleys, gay Provence!
Thou sunny paradise of France;
Carols at eve, and song and dance
 Are thine forever.

The light guitar—it sends me where
A living glory fills the air,
And all of gay and bright and fair
Is full to flowing.

Below me sleeps the purple sea,
Above me clouds of amber flee,
And gold on every tower and tree
And spire is glowing.

The light guitar—its warning sound
Maiden and youth are thronging round,
With song and shout, and leap and bound—
No dream of sorrow.
Away with grief, away with care!
Glad thoughts alone are welcome there;
They care not, if or dark or fair
May rise the morrow.

Then glory to the light guitar—
Its holiest time the evening star,
When liquid voices echo far
By rock and river.
O! might such heavenly nights be mine,
Where overhead the rambling vine
Lets quivering through the bright moonshine,
By Rhone forever.

THE VINTAGE DANCE.

COME, the dance, the dance—
 Night is nigh us :
How the shades advance !
 Soon joy will fly us :
Be happy while we may ;
Dull cares, away, away !
Be only song and play,
 As time speeds by us.

Our vintage all is in ;
 Our vats o'erflowing—
Now wake the merry din,
 Eyes, cheeks, all glowing.
We owe the generous vine
A pledge of best old wine,
And clustering ivy's twine,
 And flowers new blowing.

Pluck, pluck the autumn flowers,
And deftly twine them—
Maidens, in lonely hours,
May then divine them :
One with its eye of blue
Shall tell the heart is true ;
Another blushing new
Softly incline them.

Then wheel the dance, the dance,
Around the fountain—
'The satyrs hear and prance
On ivied mountain ;
'The fauns come stealing nigh
And roll the roguish eye,
Quick mischief in it—
Back to your craggy wood !
'The maiden's heart is good ;
Ye cannot win it.

SONG.

LONG years have seen me roaming
A sad and weary way,
Like traveller tired at gloaming,
A sultry summer's day ;
No lamp of love before me,
No twinkling parlour fire,
But clouds and darkness o'er me,
My only friend my lyre.
A welcome shed now greets me,
Though low its portal be,
And ready kindness meets me,
And peace that will not flee :
So here my heart reposes,
And finds at last its home ;
Its day of wandering closes ;
It rests, no more to roam.

So when, by tempest battered,
The seaman, bent ashore,
Sails torn and colours tattered,
Still ploughs the ocean's roar,
If but a watch-light twinkle
With hospitable glow,
Joy-tears his hard cheeks sprinkle,
And hope's bright fountains flow :
His home is all before him,
The dwelling of his sires ;
His own blue sky is o'er him,
And near his altar-fires :
Awhile his burdened feelings
Like silent waters run,
Then burst in echoed pealings,
" My land—my land is won !"

SONG.



STRIKE, strike the note of sorrow,
That late so moved me—
My sinking heart would borrow,
From sounds so passing sweet,
Fond moments once so fleet
Beside the youth who loved me.

O! set the music flowing—
My soul forever
Could dwell on words so glowing,
On sounds so soft and clear,
To all my heart so dear,
They can be silent never.

Give me the lute—the lute,
For I would ring it—
O! breathe that Spartan flute,
And wake my languid soul,
Till loosed from earth's control,
Heaven's fire shall wing it.

No! touch the chord of feeling,
And lightly wake it!
And as I hear, come stealing
From out my bleeding heart
Tears, such as woes impart—
Be still, or else ye break it.

TO A BUTTERFLY.

THOU, who in the early spring
Hoverest on filmy wing,
Visiting the bright-eyed flowers,
Fluttering in loaded bowers,
Settling on the reddening rose,
Reddening ere it fully blows,
 When its crisp and folded leaves
Just unroll their dewy tips,
Soft as infant beauty's lips,
 Or any thing that love believes—
Little wanderer after pleasure,
Where is that enchanted treasure,
All that live are seeking for?
Is it in the blossom, or
 Where we seek it, in the roses
Of a maiden's cheek, or rather
In the many lights that gather
 When her smiling lip uncloses?

Wouldst thou rather kiss a flower,
When 'tis dropping with a shower,
Or with trembling, quivering wing
Rest thee on a dearer thing,
On a lip that has no stain,
On a brow that feels no pain,
In the beamings of an eye,
Where a world of visions lie,
Such as to the blest are given,
All of heaven—all of heaven?
If thou lovest the blossom, I
Love the cheek, the lip and eye.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

A voice is heard in the winds and waves,
In the sound of the ever rolling sea ;
'Tis whispered amid the gloom of graves,
And it speaks from the hill-top loud and free :
'Tis murmuring in every breath of air,
And it pauses not when the leaves are still ;
Where the waters are falling, it prattles there,
And it whistles along the heathery hill.

Up on the brown and briery steep,
When the bramble stirs with the nestling bird—
Down in the green and glassy deep,
When the coral rustles, that voice is heard :
Far it is borne on the summer breeze,
O'er sunny meadow and flowery plain ;
Then it steals to the glancing trees,
And is lost in their shadowy gloom again.

Hark ! its wandering echoes wake—

They are now in the heart of the rifted rock ;
Now they lie on the slumbering lake ;

Now are at play with the bounding flock.

Not a withering leaf by the wind is stirred,

Not a murmur moves through the bending corn,

But far that summoning voice is heard,

Like the loud, clear notes of the winding horn.

O ! 'tis a voice that comes from heaven,

Borne like a spirit in light along,

Now like the rush of a tempest driven,

Murmuring now in the charm of song.

Hear ye the voice ?—then come away

Far from the haunts of ruder men—

Come, where the leaves and fountains play—

You may love and be happy then.

SONG.

YE come to me, with eyes of light,
Fair creatures of my dreams !
Ye move around me, calm and bright,
Like sunset over streams,
When the last flush of dying day
In liquid lustre glows,
Then passes into night away,
Like rain-drops from a rose.

Fair creatures ! soft your voices are—
I hear their tender tone,
And all the twilight echoes bear
Their melody alone.
It fills the rocks, the woods, the plain,
With an all-pervading thrill ;
And listening to the invisible strain,
The breathless air is still.

All innocent your beauty blows—
 'Tis bright and purely fair :
The rose, the young and virgin rose,
 Buds forth in sweetness there ;
And there are light and laughing eyes,
 That never have wept in pain—
Hope beckons you on, as away she flies,
 And love, that must all be vain.

O! stay, fair creatures—I bid you stay!
 With you my dreams are heaven.
Too soon the vision must fade away ;
 Not forever those joys were given.
Bend over me now that winning smile,
 That lingering look of light !
Ye fade—O! pause and charm awhile,
 Ere ye vanish away in night.

SONG.

O! sing to me one song of thine,
One song before we part,
That I may bear away with me
Its music in my heart.
Let it be a gentle one,
A song of early joy,
Such as a fair-haired maiden sings
To win her much loved boy.

O! sing to me the song I heard,
The other day, at noon,
When it came to me like a warbling bird,
And ceased as short and soon.
Bashfully that song was still,
For I started from out the trees ;
So the bird is hush, when the bramble bush
Stirs with the passing breeze.

Turn not so tearfully away—

I cannot bear to part,

With any thing but hope and joy

In the swelling of my heart.

Look up to me with laughing eyes—

We shall meet again ere long;

And then the greeting I shall have,

Will be thy gentle song.

So sing to me that song of joy,

That song of summer bowers,

Murmuring like the soft warm breath

Of a south wind over flowers.

I will kiss thee as thou warblest on,

My token as I part,

And so will bear away with me

Thy music in my heart.

SAPPHO.



SHE stands in act to fall—her garland torn,
Its withered rose-leaves round the rock are blowing;
Loose to the winds her locks dishevelled flowing
Tell of the many sorrows she has borne.

Her eye, up-turned to heaven, has lost its fire—
One hand is pressed to feel her bosom's beating,
And mark her lingering pulses back retreating—
The other wanders o'er her silent lyre.

Clear rolls the midway sun—she knows it not;
Vainly the winds waft by the flower's perfume;
To her the sky is hung in deepest gloom—
She only feels the noon-beam burning hot.

What to the broken heart the dancing waves,
The air all kindling—what a sounding name ?
O ! what a mockery, to dream of fame—
It only lures us on to make us slaves.

And Love—O ! what art thou with all thy light ?
Ineffable joy is round thee, till we know,
Thou art but as a vision of the night—
And then the bursting heart, how deep its woe.

“ They tell me I shall live—my name shall rise,
When nature falls—O ! blest illusion, stay—”
A moment hopes and joys around her play ;
Then darkness hides her—faint she sinks and
dies.

SONNETS.



I.

O! THERE are moments, when the dreaming soul
Forgets this earth, and wanders far away
Into some region of eternal day,
Where the bright waves in calm and sunshine roll.

Thither it wanders, and has reached its goal—
The good, the great, the beautiful are there,
And wreaths of victory crown their flowing hair,
And as they move, such music fills the air,
As ne'er from fabled bower or cavern stole.

Soft to the heart it winds, and hushes deep
Its cares and sorrows. Thought then, fancy-free,
Flies on from bliss to bliss, till finding thee
It pauses, as the musk-rose charms the bee,
Tranced, as in happy dream of magic sleep.

II.

O! EVENING, I have loved thee with a joy
Tender and pure, and thou hast ever been
A soother of my sorrows. When a boy,
I wandered often to a lonely glen,
And far from all the stir and noise of men,
Held fond communion with unearthly things,
Such as come gathering brightly round us, when
Imagination soars and shakes her wings.

Yes, in that secret valley, doubly dear
For all its natural beauty, and the hush
That ever brooded o'er it, I would lay
My thoughts in deepest calm, and if a bush
Rustled, or small bird shook the beechen spray,
There seemed a minist'ring angel whispering near.

III.

O! THERE are tears of joy, and they are fed
From the heart's secret fountain, where they
well
Like springs in some mysterious cavern's bed,
Made holy by the sybil's murmuring spell.

Forth from the darkling cave they calmly flow,
Crystalline pure, to heaven's rejoicing light,
And over sifted sands and pebbles bright,
Down through the sacred grove of laurels go.

So when my thoughts, long wearied by the rush
Of life's too busy cares, would pause and keep
Awhile a sabbath's stillness, and would lay
Each passionate longing, then I can but weep
Tears, happy tears, in many a sudden gush,
And with them all my sorrows melt away.

IV.

O! WOULD that dreams were not the things they
are,
Mere unsubstantial pageants, born and dying
With the light sleep that makes them, coming, fly-
ing,
Like evening clouds, how beautiful and fair.

O! they are thinner than the empty air,
And yet how blessed, when they bend and
smile—
How the heart flows away in rapture, while,
Dear fond illusions, they are lingering there.

They have a touch and voice.—'That bosom, swelling

With a young world of joys, how softly heaves :
It lifts its gauzy veil, like feathery leaves
Waved lightly over Yemen's palmy dwelling ;
A higher bliss than even hope believes,
To the fixed eye of slumbering fondness telling.

V.

SHADOWS of hoary forests, solemn haunts
Of wild unearthly glooms—O ! I would be
A dweller in your darkness, and to me
There I would find all that the spirit pants
To reach of boundless thoughts.—Ye are the fane
To mightiest musings sacred—to the sweep
Of visions dim but high, emotions deep,
Such as in breathless rest till then had lain.

Then go they forth, and from the flowery vale
Of life's too joyous spring, among the storms
Launch their unfettered wings, till giant forms,
Born of the tempest, round them fold a veil
Of awe and lifting wonder.—Such the flight
Of the waked spirit, when the world is night.

VI.

My soul goes often wandering to your glooms,
And rests beneath your shadow—often dwells
My spirit in your silence—often tells
Over your opening glades their mingled blooms.

How, like a vein of silver, steals along
The mountain brook 'mid ferns and brakes and
flowers;
And how, when all is still in calmer hours,
Comes floating o'er the hills some artless song.

Low lies yon narrow vale, and there it strays,
The truant stream, to either wooded steep,
As if to kiss its mossy foot, and plays
Now over pebbly shallows, and now deep
Rests in a sheeted pool, while opening through
The wide plain melts in soft and shadowy blue.

VII.

Am I not all alone?—The world is still
In passionless slumber—not a tree but feels
The far pervading hush, and softer steals
The misty river by.—Yon broad bare hill

Looks coldly up to heaven, and all the stars
Seem eyes deep fixed in silence, as if bound
By some unearthly spell—no other sound
But the owl's unfrequent moan.—'Their airy cars
'The winds have stationed on the mountain peaks.
Am I not all alone?—A spirit speaks
From the abyss of night, "not all alone—
Nature is round thee with her banded powers,
And ancient genius haunts thee in these hours—
Mind and its kingdom now are all thy own."

VIII.

DEEP sunk in thought, he sat beside the river—
Its wave in liquid lapses glided by,
Nor watched, in crystal depth, his vacant eye
The willow's high o'er-arching foliage quiver.

From dream to shadowy dream returning ever,
He sat, like statue, on the grassy verge;
His thoughts, a phantom train, in airy surge
Streamed visionary onward, pausing never.

As autumn wind, in mountain forest weaving
Its wondrous tapestry of leaf and bower,
O'ermastering the night's resplendent flower,
With tints, like hues of heaven, the eye deceiving—

So, lost in labyrinthine maze, he wove
A wreath of flowers ; the golden thread was love.

IX.

Whence ? Whither ? Where ?—A taper point of
light,

My life and world—the infinite around ;
A sea, not even highest thought can sound ;
A formless void ; unchanging, endless night.

In vain the struggling spirit aims its flight
To the empyrean, seen as is a star,
Sole glimmering through the hazy night afar—
In vain it beats its wings with daring might.

What yonder gleams ?—What heavenly shapes arise
From out the bodiless waste ?—Behold the dawn,
Sent from on high !—Uncounted ages gone,
Burst full and glorious on my wondering eyes :
Sun-clear the world around, and far away
A boundless future sweeps in golden day.

THE CONTRAST.

To his gallant horse the warrior sprung—

They called, but he would not stay ;

And the hoof of his hurrying charger rung,

As to battle he rushed away.

She stood aloft on the warder's tower,

And she followed him over the plain,

And she watched through many a silent hour,

But she heard not his tramp again.

They came, when the morning was cold and pale,

With a warrior on his bier,

And his banner, rent like a tattered sail,

Showed he died not the death of fear.

They brought him in pride and sorrow back

To the home he had left so gay,

When he gallantly flew on glory's track,

And to battle rushed away.

BALLAD.

“ WHITHER away, in thy swift-winged bark.
Over the waters blue ?”

“ The way is long, and the night is dark,
And before the song of the matin lark
My voyage must be through.

On Clutha's rock a castle tall
Frowns over the waters blue.
My lord, within that castle tall,
In deadly peril holds his all ;
And my life to my lord is due.

I have twenty stout and stalwart men,
As ever tugged at yew.
You may search the land, nor find again
Twenty such stout and stalwart men,
Nor twenty hearts so true.

And every man, by his trusty side,
 Has a falchion keen and new :
 And with blades so keen and hearts so tried,
 Their way to their lord they would soon divide
 A host of leaguers through.

And hosts of leaguers throng around
 My lord and his vassals few ;
 And where shall his valiant liege be found,
 Who would not stand his inch of ground,
 To his lord and his honour true ?

Many long months they have stood at bay,
 With sword and spear and yew ;
 And the few the leaguers could not slay,
 Famine and toil have thinned away—
 But firm that noble few.

To lend our lives to a lord so brave,
 We skim the waters blue ;
 And we would hurry us over the wave,
 That noble few to reach and save,
 Though a raging whirlwind blew.

The wave curls high, and its top is white
 As the plume of the wild sea-mew ;

And the bark cuts swift as an arrow's flight,
And its way is like the track of light,
Where the falling meteor flew.

Though dark the night, and the wind blow strong
As ever tempest blew,
To Clutha's rock we send along,
And cheer our way with tale and song
Of the fearless heart and true.

Then away, away, in my swift-winged bark,
Over the waters blue—
The way is long, and the night is dark,
And before the song of the matin lark
My voyage must be through."

SONGS.

I.

O! GUADALAXARA,
Thy beautiful river
Is rolling on ever
Its waters so clear.

O! Guadalaxara,
Thy evergreens, bending
Their wide boughs, are lending
A shadow, how dear.

O! Guadalaxara,
Thy current is flowing,
Like gales softly blowing,
Or flutes breathing near.

The town of Pesara
Stands brightly beside thee,
And gay galleys ride thee,
O! Guadalaxara.

II.

MURMURING river,
Falling ever,
And silent never,
Thou hurriest by.
Now softly flowing,
And brightly glowing,
And clearly showing,
Thy waters lie.

Through meadows bending,
Sweet flowers are sending
Their breath, and lending
Thy wave perfume.
The myrtle covers
Thy banks, and lovers,
As evening hovers,
Are in its gloom.

And lilies, swelling
With dew, and smelling
Of morn, are telling
Their leaves below.
No fairest flower,
In bush or bower,
So takes the shower,
And scents it so.

Dark eyes are flashing,
And fair hands dashing
Thy foam, and plashing
The bubbles fly.
So, murmuring river,
Falling ever,
And silent never,
Thou hurriest by.

III.

Music and dances,
Smiles and bright glances,
Love's happy chances,
All are at play.
Youths with gay sashes,
Girls with calashes,
Quick as light flashes,
Foot it away.

Viols are tinkling,
Light feet are twinkling,
Snowy veils crinkling,
Round as they go.

Soft voices prattle,
Castanets rattle,
Love's mimic battle
Mingles them so.

Now the dance closes—
Baskets of roses,
Woven in posies,
Gaily they twine.
Goblets are clashing,
Amber lights flashing,
Young lovers dashing
Beauty in wine.

All now is over—
White mantles hover,
Each with a lover,
Back to the town.
None of them misses
Sweetest of blisses,
Dewy wet kisses—
That is love's crown.

GREEK APPEAL TO AMERICA, 1827.

Rouse ye at a nation's call—
Rouse, and rescue, one and all—
Help, or liberty shall fall,
Fall in blood and shame !

Shame to him who coldly draws
Backward from the noblest cause—
Not to him who fights and fa's—
His a glorious name.

Sons of more than mortal sires,
We have lit again their fires,
Or to be our funeral pyres,
Or our sun of fame.

Hear ye not the widow's cry ?
"Help us, or we faint and die—
See ! the murderous foe is nigh—
Hark, the wasting flame !

Whither shall we fly for aid ?
Where is now the warrior's blade ?
Low the mighty heart is laid,
 Death alone could tame.

To the mountain, to the cave,
Let us go and weep the brave—
Better die than live a slave—
 Better death than shame !”

No—forbid it, chosen land !
Open wide thy helping hand—
Pour thy corn and wine, like sand—
 What is wealth to fame !

Quick, before the flame expire—
Feed—O ! feed the holy fire—
Feed, and it shall kindle higher—
 Win a generous name !

OUR FLAG.

LIFT, lift the eagle banner high,
Our guide to fame—
On ocean's breezes bid it fly,
Like meteors wafting through the sky
Their pomp of flame,
Till wide on every sea unfurled,
It tell to an admiring world
Our name.

O! proudly burns its beacon light
On victory's path—
Thro' freedom's dawn, thro' danger's night,
Onward, still onward, rolling bright,
It swept in wrath—
Still lightning-like, to him who dares
Confront the terror of our stars,
Its scath.

Still heavenward mounts the generous flame,
And never tires—
Does Envy dare insult our name,
Or lurking Falsehood brand with shame
Our buried sires ?
The armed Colossus thunders by,
Wide wave our stripes—the dastard lie
Expires.

SPRING.

Low breathed the western wind at close of day ;
The bloomy shrubs were bent with heavy showers ;

The clouds had hardly rolled their wreaths away ;
They darkly hung, where high the mountain towers ;

Through flowery vale, the dashing stream
Leaped sparkingly, in many a fall ;
And evening's rosy beam
Tinted the forest tall.

The loving birds were emulous in song ;
The cattle lowed ; on slope of sunny hill
Sported the lambs, and wildly raced along
The turf that bore its beaded treasures still ;
And as they swept, a shower of light
Flew round, like gems that deck the snow,
When morning glances bright
On hill and valley flow.

And gleaming o'er a wood-embowered lake,
 Floated 'mid dreamy haze the golden ray ;
The rippling wave, in many a yellow flake,
 Curled round the dewy rock, and slid away :
 In rustic boat, his dipping oars
 Attuned to song the peasant boy—
 Gliding by happy shores,
 He felt the season's joy.

By willowy isle, with silvery catkins bowed,
 He skimmed the sheeted gold, and on my ear
Echoed his song, now sweetly low, now loud
 As when the patriot ode is swelling near.
 From rock to rock the music rung ;
 By wooded hill it died along :
Light was the heart that sung
 That wild and woodland song.

“The buds are now unfolding,
 And gaily swings the vine ;
In woods the birds are holding
 Their merry valentine ;
On hill, in meadow waking,
 Peep out the blue-eyed flowers ;
And forest leaves are making
 A shade for summer hours :
And why should not my heart be gay,
When all the world is now at play ?

And every heart is beating,
Is beating full with love ;
Advancing, now retreating,
How gently woos the dove !
On topmost bough high swinging—
Ah ! there is none so gay,
So clear his voice is ringing,
As merry thrush to-day :
And I will merrily sing my song,
As o'er the lake I skim along."

YOUTH RECALLED.

In deepest shade, by fountain sparkling clear,
High o'er me, darkly heaved, the forest dome,
Sweet tones, long silent, melt upon my ear—

They soothe my spirit, like the voice of home ;
And blended with them, floats a beam of light,
Radiant, but gentle, through the shadowy night.

My heart, that sunk in dim oblivious dream,
Wakes at the tones, and feels its life again ;
My downcast eye uprises to the beam ;
Softly untwines my bosom's heavy chain :
A stream of melody around me flows ;
Anew the smothered fire of feeling glows.

The charm, long lost, is found, and gushing pours,
From fancy's heaven, its beauty, as a shower ;
The mystic deep casts up its wondrous stores ;
Mind stands in panoply of fullest power.
Heaving with wakened purpose, swells the soul :
Its barriers fall ; its gathered treasures roll.

Light covers all around—light from on high,
Soft as the last retiring tint of even,
Full as the glow that fills the morning sky,
Pure as the midmost blue of cloudless heaven :
Like pillared bronze the lofty trunks aspire,
And every leaf above is tipt with fire.

And round me still the magic music flows ;
A thousand different tones dissolve in one :
Softer than ever gale of evening blows,
They blend in harmony's enchanted zone.
With pictured web and golden fringe they bind,
For higher flight, the renovated mind.

I feel it round me twine—the band of power ;
Youth beats in every vein—life bursts in bloom :
All seems as when, at twilight's blissful hour,
Breathed from the flowery grove the gale's perfume ;
The laugh, the shout, the dance—and then the strain
Of tenderest love dissolved the heart again.

Ye greet me fair, ye years of hope and joy,
Ye days of trembling fears and ardent loves,
The reeling madness of the impassioned boy—
Through wizard wilds again my spirit roves,
And beauty, veiled in fancy's heavenly hue,
Smiles and recedes before my longing view.

The light has fled ; the tones, that won my heart
Back to its early heaven, again are still :
A deeper darkness broods—with sudden start
Repelled, my life relapses from its thrill :
Heavier the shades descend, and on my ear
Only the bubbling fountain murmurs near.

A VISION.

“WHENCE dost thou come to me,
Sweetest of visions,
Filling my slumbers with holiest joy?”

“Kindly I bring to thee
Feelings of childhood,
That in thy dreams, thou be happy awhile.”

“Why dost thou steal from me
Ever as slumber
Flies, and reality chills me again?”

“Life thou must struggle through:
Strive—and in slumber
Sweetly again I will steal to thy soul.”

THE POET'S WORLD.

BRIGHT World! too beautiful for human eye,
Creation of poetic thought, in vain
I seek thee here. Thou bendest far away
Thy airy orbit. Thine are other suns,
And other stars—a brightness all thy own,
A day self-lighted, and thy magic night
Is but a veil o'er day. I seek thee here,
When morning lights the east, and tips with gems
Deep set in waving gold, high mountain peak,
Then tower and tree, and over field and grove
Pours out a flood of pearls, and sheets the sea
With liquid flame—I seek thee, when at noon,
High on his throne, the visible lord of light
Rides in his fullest blaze, and dashes wide
Thick flashes from his wheels—I seek thee, too,
When twilight shades the meadow, and the hills
Alone are lighted—when the sky above

Smiles with a fading beauty, and below
Uncertain floats the plain—nor less when night,
Clad in her sable robe, sits silently
Above the slumbering earth, and through the vast
Immeasurable darkness, shadowy forms
Unbidden come and go—I seek thee here,
And yet I find thee not. In all its change
Of time and season—all its shifting scenes
Of sun and storm—of life new bursting forth
In blossomy spring, vigorous in manly pride,
Or ripe for harvest—all of high and bright,
Deep and obscure^o—the clear expanded arch
Broad sweeping o'er us, or with pictured wreaths
Hung festively at dawn, or heaving forth
Black billowy mountains, like a chain of Alps
Uplifted into heaven—wide forest glooms
Far stretching into night, and yawning caves
Where the void infinite opens—still retreats
Low under sheltering woods, and shady banks
Hollowed in coves, where fountains welling out
Freshen the turf and flowers—in all its change
Earth holds thee not. Thine is a fuller growth
Of beauty—thine the genial life that springs
From the o'er-teeming mind, and heightens all
That even here seems glorious. Man, who walks
In dignity and grace—heroic pride,
Or yielding loveliness—earth's angel erst,

Radiant and pure—now sad and dimly fair,
Even when brightest—Man is but the shade
Of thy Humanity—such heavenly forms,
As float amid the stars, and dwell enthroned
In light unstained. Thou risest to the eye
Of solitary thought, as from the depths
Of mountain valleys, when the level ray
First paints the aerial rose, uprolling clouds
Swell into towering peaks, and glitter bright
With all the glow of dawn—intenser far
In brightness—more magnificent and vast
In thy extension, and thy several hues
And shapes, purer and fairer. Mind in thee
Reveals its heavenly spring—in thee it tells
Its god-like birth—not from the trivial play
Of blended atoms, but a spiritual flame
Warming and kindling into higher life
Our perishable frames, here poor and weak,
The creatures of decay, obscuring oft
Its living beams, and even in dim eclipse
Quenching its orb—and yet the eye within
Still gazes on thee, through the gathered mist
Of evil passions, sees thee rolling free
In thy unclouded track, and at the sight
Hope springs and hurries to thee.

MINNESONG.



I.

IN dem walde süße döne
Singent kleinu vogellin;
An der heide blümen schöne
Blüjent gein des Meien schin.—LIEHTENSTEIN.

In the wood the little birdis
Warble sweet their roundelay;
On the heath the pretty flouris
Blossom in the sheen of May.

MAY has come—the woods are ringing;
Clearer sounds the hunter's horn;
Birds in every brake are singing;
Yellow green the springing corn.

MAY has come—in field and meadow
Starry bloom the virgin flowers;
Broad the maple flings its shadow;
Snowy white the elder bowers.

Green the slope of yonder mountain,
 Mellowed to a golden glow ;
 Under feathery birch, the fountain
 Sparkles in its gurgling flow.

Orchards redden—crimson blushes
 Tremble o'er the apple boughs ;
 There her young the robin hushes,
 Still beside her trilling spouse.

Joy, on glittering pinions driven,
 Gaily flits around, above ;
 Glancing kindles earth and heaven—
 All is life, and light, and love.

II.

Ir wangen wurden rot,
 Sam diu rose, da si bi den lilien stat.—VOGELWEIDE.

Her cheeks grew red as the rose,
 That by the lily blows.

“TAKE this garland for thy golden hair”—
 So I spake unto a maiden fair,
 Maid with eyes of love, like heaven's own blue,
 Thinnest veil of cloud soft shining through—
 “Take this garland—'tis of earliest bloom,
 Newly plucked, and filled with fresh perfume.

Had I jewel rare, and precious stone,
 Gems of Ind, O! they were thine alone;
 Costliest gift for thee were all too poor—
 Take this garland—I can give no more.
 Fairer flowers than these indeed I know;
 On the lonely heath afar they blow:
 There the violet peeps beside the spring,
 Coyly peeps, as loving linnets sing—
 Go with me, and we will gather there
 Fairer, sweeter flowers to wreath thy hair.”
 Bashfully the maid the garland took;
 Like rewarded child, she blushed and shook:
 Clearest red her cheek, as when the rose,
 Dewy shene, behind the lily blows.
 Low she bowed, and love-looks sparkled clear,
 Under silken lashes, through a tear:
 That was my reward—O! there was one,
 Holier far, my lips shall breathe to none.

III.

Vor dem walde, in einem tal,
 Schone sank diu nattergal.—VOGELWEIDE.

Fore the wood, and in a dale,
 Lovely sang the nightingale.

UNDER the willow, in a meadow,
 Where the brook was running clear,
 There was my pillow, dark in shadow,
 Blossom and verdure springing near.

'Fore the wood, and in a dale,
Lovely sang the nightingale.

Silent reclining the willow under,
Just as evening faded away,
Sweetly shining, a heavenly wonder
Bent above me, as there I lay :
Light her form ; her face was pale—
Lovely sang the nightingale.

Nymph of fountain, in dewy brightness
Rising from wave in vest of green ;
Dryad of mountain, with airy lightness
Flitting around the huntress queen—
All to that heavenly form must vail,
Smiling as sang the nightingale.

Then she addressed me—"O! why dost linger
Here in a world that chains thy will?"
Softly she pressed me with snowy finger—
Pulse and beating heart were still.
Lovely sang, in the lonely dale,
Fainter and fainter, the nightingale.

THE KNIGHT

Was er trug von eysen an
Das were wiser als ein Swan
Sein Wafftenrock gab lichten schin.

Di clare süsse reine
Di werde ussekorne
Di edelhochgeborne
Eyn vil herchelbes wip.—RUDOLFF.

What he had of iron on,
That was whiter than a swan ;
Light and bright his armour shone.

The bright sweet pure,
The worthy chosen,
The nobly high-born,
A wife to heart most dear.

Who yonder rides through wind and rain,
With plumed helm, and shield, and spear?
How fleet he dashes o'er the plain—
The distant shelter soon is near.
With bearing bold he scours along ;
He bends with practised hand the rein :
From clash of arms and battle throng,
To wife and home he turns again.

He, who so proudly speeds afar,
Is the famed champion, Adhemar.

On gallant steed, in armour bright,
To serve his king he rode to war :
Erect he moved in burnished light ;
Mid crowds his helmet shone, a star.
He couched his lance ; he burst away ;
His gallop thundered o'er the field :
In dust the bleeding foeman lay ;
Unhurt by splintered lance his shield.
He drew his flashing blade—and wide
Rolled startled back the warrior tide.

The victory won, with glory crowned,
To wife and home, as country, true,
As praise and blessing echoed round,
Back to that wife and home he flew.
Loud bursts the storm : the river swells ;
He dashes through the roaring wave :
Nor field nor flood his spirit quells ;
Life has no terrors for the brave :—
And now across that sweep of plain,
See, see ! the gallant champion strain.

She gazes from the highest tower—
The night is dark ; the wind is chill :

Through midnight's wildest, dreariest hour,
With sleepless eye she gazes still.
The bright, the pure, the chosen one,
Of noblest dames the fairest star,
In worth, in loveliness, alone,
Through night and storm, sat watching there.
Hark, yonder horn! He comes!—she springs,
And flies, as if her feet were wings.

She draws the bolt; the ponderous gate
Rolls back, as from a giant's hand:
Quick falls the bridge—she cannot wait;
Love draws her forth with magic band.
Tramp! tramp!—her Adhemar is near,
And now she sees his armour bright—
His eager welcome meets her ear;
He comes—he springs—she clasps her knight.
What cares he for the wind or rain?
He holds his Ylia again.

LIFE'S DREAM.

Ach! dürften wir mit Träumen nicht
Die Wirklichkeit verwehen,
Wie arm an Farbe, Glanz und Licht
Würst dann du Menschenleben?—A. W. SCHLEGEL.

Ah! could we not entwine
Reality with dreams,
How poor in colour, glow and light,
Wert thou then, Human Life?

Wer trüge Lebenslast und seine Leere,
Wenn nicht der kurze Traum der Liebe wäre?—MEYER.

Who would bear the burthen and emptiness of life, if the short
dream of love were not?

Des Lebens Traum verschwindet,
Mit ihm des Lebens Glück.—ERNST B*sch*.

Life's dream disappears—with it, life's bliss.

LIGHT and bright the vision plays,
Like the evening's fitful blaze
Over meadow careering along—
Fairy phantoms hover; blossoms strow
Thick the verdure, as with snow;
Breathes the elfin's magical song.

Fair the moon in azure floats,
Bending o'er the enchanting notes,
As if longing to glide from her sphere :
White wings faintly quiver ; near and far
Glow-worm twinkles back to star,
Lighting a softer galaxy here.

Sweet by sparkling fountain sings,
Sweet and clear, as tone that rings
Pure from Harmony's crystalline throne—
Sweetly sings a spirit ; still the air
Drinks the song—its pulses bear
Far through the night the heavenly tone.

Peering quick from shadowy glades,
Glancing back to deeper shades,
Forms too bright and beautiful play :
Gentle voices whisper ; snowy doves
Circle forth, as sent by loves—
Wheel then on fanning pinions away.

Quick steps hurry to my side ;
Round my heart soft touches glide,
Wreathing fetters of lily and rose.—
Viewless forms embrace me ; whispers say,
“ Press the joys—not long they stay :
Comes like a stream the pleasure, and flows.”

Sweetly dim the trance of love :

As through veil of roses wove,

Steals its purple light to the soul.

Break the magic slumber—cold and bare,

Waste and dark, life meets us there :

Break the dream—thou hast withered the
whole !

THE HEXLI. (LITTLE WITCH.)

I lauf no alli Dörfer us,
i such und froz vo Hus zu Hus,
und würd mer nit im Hexli chund,
se würdi ebe nümme g'sund.—HEBEL.

I run through all the villages,
I seek and ask from house to house,
And if I do not find my Hexli,
Then I shall never be well.

I WHITTLED at a stick one day—
"Twas just to pass the time away :
A little girl came tripping by,
With rosy look and witching eye.

With artless smile and simple grace,
She looked me sweetly in my face,
And said, "That knife is sharp, I ween—
Another thing will cut as keen."

And then she laughed, and said, "Good-day,"
And like a dream had flown away ;
The voice, the look was with me still,
When all at once I felt me ill.

I could not work, I could not play ;
I saw and heard her all the day—
That witching eye was sharp, I ween ;
O ! that was what would cut so keen.

I saw and heard her day and night—
Her voice so soft, her eye so bright :
When others lay in slumber sweet,
I heard the clock each hour repeat.

I could not stay and linger so :
Like one entranced, away I go ;
Through field and forest, far and wide,
I seek if there the witch doth hide.

By bush and brake, by rock and hill,
Where'er I go, I see her still :
The little girl, with witching eye,
Is ever, ever tripping by.

Through town and village, too, I stray ;
At every house I call and say,

“O! can you tell me where to find
The little girl that witched my mind?”

I've sought her many a weary mile;
Methought I saw her all the while:
Ah! if I can't the witch obtain,
I never shall be well again.

THE MAIDEN.

Ein schlichtes Mädchen nur,
Einfach und treu dem angebohrnen Stande,
War seine Welt diess Thal.—SCHINK.

Only a modest maiden,
Simple, and faithful to her native manners,
Was all her world this vale.

Solch einen Geist, in einem solchen Blicke,
Zeigt nur dein Lächeln uns.—VON FRIEDELBERG.

Such a soul, in such a look,
Thy smile alone reveals us.

Through a valley flows a gentle river,
Gently flows, with waters deep and clear;
In a flowery meadow, spreading near,
Silken leaves of slender poplars quiver.
There a quiet maiden singeth ever
Simple melodies of truth and love:
Pure and artless as the snowy dove,
Evil thought hath stained her bosom never.

Lovely, too, as rose but half unfolded ;
Modest as that rose, when bent with dew :
Blue her eye, as heaven's own softest hue ;
Lip as fresh as living ruby moulded.
Smiles she hath that tell of sunny feeling—
Only smiles like hers such feeling tell :
Touch the chord of grief, and at the spell,
Tears of love and innocence are stealing.
Home and parent, kindred, friend and lover,
All embraced within this lonely vale—
All beyond is to her but a tale :
This her world, and heaven just arches over.

THE POWER OF SONG.



Sången innehar all lifvets lycka.—HEDBORN.

The bliss of life is all in song.

Zatichli vieterki, zamolkli ptier' i chory,
? privilegi stada.—XITLOV.

Still became the winds, silent the choirs of birds, and side by side the flocks reclined.

Og dets betydningsrige toner svarved'
Melodisk gennem Seelets storme hen,
Men ak!—som Æolsharpens harmonier,
Tidt overdøvede af hule vindstød,
Dog aldrig kvalte.—PRAM.

And away its full meaning tones floated melodiously through the storms of time, but ah! like the harmonies of the Æolian harp, often drowned by the hollow blast, yet never stilled.

In the temple stands the golden lyre,

Near the presence of the genial power;

Round it plays an orb of holiest fire—

So it stands, and waits the inspiring hour.

Rolls the sun unto his highest throne;

Broad he fills the temple's vaulted shade:

Touched by hands unseen, in solemn tone,

Rings the harp—the winds are laid.

Slow and full they swell—the mystic chords ;
Stillness, more than awful, fills the air :
Mingled with the tones, sublimest words
High the listening soul, in glory, bear.
Light is all around him ; light and love,
As on wings, aloft the listener raise :
Ever wider heaves the arch above ;
Fairer beauty round him plays.

Now they swell—the tones, and swells the breast,
Kindled with the bliss of great design :
Faint the music whispers ; hushed to rest,
Couched on flowers, the passions all recline :
Clear the harp resounds ; the spirit's eye
Keenest glance through nature's wonders throws :
Tenderer touches glide, and silently
Blest the tear of feeling flows.

How hushed the winds ! how calm the air !
The leaf is still on bush and tree ;
No blossom shakes, and quietly
The herd and flock are resting there.
They feel the soothing power of song ;
A stream of love, it flows along—
The winds are still ; the sky is fair.

By magic shores the vessel glides ;
Entranced by song, the waves are laid :
Visions of home, forgotten, fade ;
In peace the storm-beat wanderer rides.
Smooth sleeps the sea ; serenest day
Smiles o'er the ocean far away :
The power of song has hushed the tides.

Pale in the west the glow decays,
That late arose in golden fire ;
Waked by the touch of soft desire,
Through twilight shades the music plays.
In darkened vale its pulses thrill ;
Peace broods above the glimmering hill ;
His flight the fleeting moment stays.

It comes—the storm, so long repelled,
In wilder rage again ;
Like wintry stream, by barrier swelled,
Loud bursts it o'er the plain :
With gathered might it sweeps along ;
Like thunder, peals its roar :
The Æolian melodies of song
Are lost, amid the wildering throng ;
The lyre is heard no more.

A moment's pause the tempest feels,
And soft the heavenly tone,
As evening hymn from cottage steals,
Breathes sweetly faint and lone.
Uncertain, as if thrilled with fear,
It melts and dies away :
I turn, and wait with longing ear,
And low and dim it rises near,
Quick falls—it can not stay.

Serene and calm the world of song,
Above the cloud and gale :
There flows a sheeted stream along,
Through many a silent vale ;
There ever blue the sunny sky ;
Spring-warm the wooing air :
White filmy wreaths of beauty lie,
Alone, in holiest rest, on high—
Love dwells forever there.

LAYS.

I.

MELLOW fades the glow of even ;
Cool the shadow round the spring :
Clouds, by Autumn breezes driven,
Stream along the amber heaven,
Bright and clear as spirit's wing.
From the holy shrine of feeling,
Kindled by departing day,
Blessed visions flit away—
Through the pictured forest stealing,
Round the magic mountain play.

Melting with the blue afar,
Lightly tipped with golden flame,
Flashing like the regal star,
Sky-o'erercrowned, ascends the bar,
Bent around the course of fame.

Far it sweeps in dazzling light ;
Fire-winged coursers urge the wheel ;
Echoes wide the ringing steel—
Who can tell the full delight,
Tell the joy the champions feel ?

Soft its dreamy shade diffusing,
Twilight streams athwart the grove,
Fills the soul with silent musing,
Till in devious trances losing
All its thoughts, it sinks in love.
Soft and still as moonlit ocean,
Silver-mirrored deep and clear,
Hidden music pulsing near,
Glides it, with unconscious motion,
Far away to holier sphere.

Startled by the instant flash,
Breaks the flower-enwoven dream—
Thunder rends with deadening crash ;
Winds the mingling branches lash ;
Bursts the storm, like wintry stream.
Where is now the musing soul ?
Nerved to meet the raging war,
Stern it mounts its iron car :
Swift the crushing chariots roll—
Fierce his steeds the warrior bear.

Far away the pausing thunder
Echoes from remotest hill;
Faint the rain-drop patters under
Loaded leaves that bend asunder,
As with trickling streams they fill.
So the still small voice of feeling,
'Mid the din of inward strife,
To the heart with passion rife,
Mild as zephyr whispers healing,
Breathes, and wakes the soul to life.

II.

HARK! the song
Floats along,
Clearly swelling, softly dying,
Soft as wind in roses sighing.

O'er the plain
Sweeps again
Sudden burst of hope and gladness—
'Trembles then the trill of sadness.

Rock and hill
Give it still,
Bright and clear, the sweet emotion—
Deep and full, the heart's devotion.

Shadows fall—
Voices call
Fondly home the truant, straying
Down the brook in eddies playing.

Daylight flies—
Amber skies,
O'er the shadowy mountain glowing,
Darken ; yet the song is flowing.

III.

THROUGH the wood, in evening's shadow, straying ;
O'er me arched the boughs, in silent gloom ;
Deep in dreamy vision, long delaying—
Fades to night the day's departing bloom.

Fades the skiey rose, that over mountain
Blossomed wide and full in fields of air—
Bloomed in heaven aloft, and low in fountain
Shone in softer tints, as pure and fair.

Darkness veils me round, and voices, gliding
Through the murmuring foliage, seem to say :
“ Pause, and listen to the spirit's chiding—
Haste, O ! haste to brighter worlds away.

Mark the last soft tint of day, receding
O'er the top of yonder solemn pine !
So departs the lingering spirit, leading
To yon purer day's eternal shine.

'There await thee all thy heart has cherished—
There the early loved, the hoped and gone :
Not a treasure of thy heart has perished—
All to yonder world of rest have flown."

IV.

SPEED thee far—
Fancy lends thee her car—
Over ocean away
Speed to holier day.

Ocean's swell
Bears on its bosom the shell—
Love shall open the sail
Full to the favoring gale.

Wing of might,
Sent from the fountain of light,
High on billows of air
Thee, in triumph, shall bear.

Youth shall bring
Wine from perennial spring—
Over the goblet shall shine
Halo of glory divine.

Round the throne,
Beauty shall loosen her zone—
Melting in kindling shower,
Spirit shall fill thee with power.

V.

O! THAT I lay on yonder mountain,
So blue and fair—
In shade of rock, by gushing fountain,
Aloft in air.

The cloud and storm might swell below me,
The thunder roll—
Yet waves of light should overflow me,
And warm my soul ;

And peace, unbroken peace, forever
Around me play ;
And thought, serene and calm, be never
Compelled away ;

And blush of dawn, and rose of even,
My heart should fill
Oft with the loveliness of heaven,
So bright and still.

O! had I but the eagle's pinion,
Thither I'd soar,
And there possess my sole dominion,
Till life be o'er.

VI.

THEY call me—they call me, from meadow and
grove ;

They sing to me sweetly of hope and of love ;
And dove-like and peacefully, over
My pillow, they hover.

And they say to me kindly : “ O ! hasten away—
No longer in dreamy oblivion stay—
Young life with its bloom is before thee,
And heaven is o'er thee.

O'er valley and mountain, in beauty and light,
The world stretches onward, so dewy and bright—
The roses are budding beside thee—
What joy shall betide thee !

The day has awakened, so fresh and so fair ;
The clouds float aloft in the warm summer air ;
All nature is swelling with gladness—
O ! sink not in sadness."

I hear ye—I hear ye—I will not delay,
But up, and o'er valley and mountain away—
Through life, like a bird, I will hie me—
Hope never shall fly me.

VII.

"O ! REST thee here in silent bower—
The noon-shut folds its yellow flower—
The air shines quivering o'er the hill,
And all around is hushed and still.

On mossy pillow lay thee here—
A spring, so cool, is bubbling near—
O ! lay thee down—a draught I'll bring,
So clear and sparkling, from that spring.

Ah ! thou a long and weary way
Hast travelled through the sultry day—
Close soft thy eyes, and I will keep
Watch o'er thee in thy gentle sleep.

My heart is rich—my hand is free,
However poor and low I be :
I have but little in my store—
I give thee all—what could I more ?”

“Thy cup I drink, and now I close
My weary eyes in sweet repose.
Thy heart is rich—thy hand is free !
A princess, thou shalt go with me.”

VIII,

THE song is still, that over heath and mountain,
When closed the day,
‘Thro’ glimmering wood, by sky-empurpled fountain,
Stole soft away—
In shady vale, by stream through roses playing,
On golden hill,
Breathed faint and low, as tenderly delaying—
The song is still.

The song is still, that clear in morning hovered
O’er field and grove,
When billowy mist the winding valley covered,
Rocks glowed above—

When bleat and bark, from bushy lawn repeated,
 Rose round the hill—
The joyous song, that light and buoyant fled—
 The song is still.

O! wake the song—its notes remembered waken
 My love of home :
Spite of my firmer will, my heart is shaken
 By thoughts that come,
Thoughts of my early days—in frolic measure
 They glide along :
The song of youth, to notes of love and pleasure—
 O! wake the song.

IX.

NIGHT is on the hill—
Hushed the clattering mill :
Deeper shadows fall—
Only mothers call,
Careless as they roam,
Laughing youngsters home.

Now the evening star,
Over mountain far,
Mild in beauty beaming,
On the fountain streaming,

Turns the eye of love
To the heaven above.

Dark and darker spread
Shadows o'er the bed
Of the woodland lake ;
Fainter ripples break
On the pebbled shore—
Evening's breeze is o'er.

Night is deep and still—
Stars unnumbered fill
Nature's temple o'er me ;
Glides a light before me,
Steals in darkness far—
'Tis my spirit's star.

X.

BELLS are ringing ;
Maidens singing
By the village tree :
Wreaths and banners flying,
Youth his vigour trying,
Joy is wild and free.

Harvest over,
Friend and lover
 Hasten to the green:
Love with crown of myrtle,
Health in forest kirtle,
 Beauty rules as queen.

Fleetly glancing,
Lightly dancing,
 All is laugh and song—
So till golden even
Kindles earth and heaven,
 So they wheel along.

Bright in gushes,
Smiles and blushes
 Come and flit away.
Harvest now is over—
So shall friend and lover
 Greet the festive day.

XI.

THE snow is gone—
The waters run,
Through valley rushing,
From cavern gushing,

And foam along
In light and song.

The sky is blue ;
The Spring is new ;
The buds are swelling ;
The stag is belling ;
The lark and dove
Bring life and love.

The woods are green ;
In emerald sheen
The grass is springing ;
The vales are ringing
With hound and horn—
Young May is born !

XII.

GIVE me that fond music,
That charmed my heart so sweetly :
Softly breathed its numbers,
Deep to my inmost soul.
The light-winged dance obeys it ;
The maidens trip it featly ;
All darker passion slumbers ;
Full tides of gladness roll.

Still the sound is flowing,
Like summer brook at even,
Over pebbles leaping
In sparkling joy along.
The wind is faintly blowing ;
The clouds are bright in heaven ;
The spirits there are keeping
A festival of song.

Wake the sounding viol !
Dark eyes, with speaking glances,
Kindle high with pleasure,
As rings the well known strain.
With easy gliding motion,
Involved in graceful fancies
Of light uncertain measure,
Responds the mimic train.

XIII.

MORNING is lightest,
Only when heaven is fair.
Beauty is brightest,
Only when virtue is there.

Crystal of fountain,
Foam from the heart of the sea,
Snow of the mountain,
Virtue! are emblems of thee.

Beauty! we lend thee
Blossom and gem of the mine:
Stars, too, attend thee;
Thine are the rose and the vine.

Flowers by the fountain,
Mirrored below in the spring;
Gems on the mountain,
Studding the snow as a ring—

Clearest and whitest
Softened by veiling their glow:
Fairest and brightest
Only are loveliest so.

XIV.

'Tis dawn—
The rosy light is breaking;
To song the birds are waking;
And starry beads are shaking
Along the grassy lawn.

"Tis noon—

Blue rise the hills before me ;
Pure swells the azure o'er me ;
And radiant blossoms pour me.
The balmy breath of June.

"Tis even—

Gay clouds, like curtains, lie
Athwart the golden sky ;
The wind goes whispering by,
Like soothing voice from heaven.

"Tis night—

The world how hushed and still !
Dim towers the shadowy hill ;
Earth's guardian spirits fill
Their urns with holy light.

XV.

Joy ! Joy !

The long dark night is past ;
The weary way is done ;
Bright o'er the mountain, fast
Ascends the cheering sun.

Joy! Joy!

My heart revives again ;

My soul new lights its fires ;

I speed along the plain,

With hope that never tires.

See! See!

The well known hill is nigh ;

The spiry poplars rise ;

The brook is winding by ;

There still my cottage lies.

Hark! Hark!

What welcome sounds of home!

I know their meaning well :

Far, far my foot may roam,

Yet deep and strong their spell.

Hark! Hark!

The longing heifer lows ;

Shrill barks my faithful Tray :

His master's tread he knows,

And see! he bounds away.

Shout! Shout!

The goal, the goal is nigh ;

My love is at the door :

We run, we leap, we fly ;

We meet to part no more !

XVI.

FAINTLY breathes the maiden's song
Through the twilight grove :
Softly sweet it steals along—
'Tis the song of love.

Evening slumbers hushed and still ;
Mute the hum of day :
Only winds the gurgling rill
Under flowers away.

Whispered voices echo far
Through the shadowy vale ;
Glimmers by a twinkling star
Dian's crescent pale.

Fade in darkness bush and tree ;
Rock and wood grow dim :
Wide o'er plain and silent sea
Wavering phantoms swim.

Still the maiden's murmured song
Trembles through the grove ;
Steals, like spirit's breath, along—
'Tis the song of love.

XVII.

In sheeted gold the river glides
By rock with forest crowned ;
Deep mirrored in its crystal tides,
Bright swell the hills around.

High over yonder mountain wall,
That darkly girds the west,
Broad flashes light heaven's airy hall,
And stream on ocean's breast.

Shot upward as a furnace flare,
Day's funeral fires ascend ;
Then fading through the hazy air,
The softer colours blend :

And as each fleecy cloud they stain,
Filling the sky with bloom,
The freshening breeze along the plain
Wafts from the flowers perfume :

And wakened by the gentle hour,
From garden thicket flows
Love-music, worthy of its bower,
Its sheltering bower of rose.

It steals along in softest tone,
The siren melody—
I sit and drink the song alone ;
My spirit then how free !

XVIII.

SITTING by a meadow brook,
In the month of June,
Once a short repose I took,
Just at sunny noon.

Blossoms, many tinted, shone
O'er the meadow far ;
But one blossom stood alone,
'Mong them all a star.

Once it seemed a full blown rose ;
Golden lily then :
Wreaths of snow-drops now uncloze ;
Blooms the rose again.

Who can tell the wondrous flower—
Flower that reigns alone ?
He, who beauty's magic power
O'er the heart has known.

XIX.

How gentle the water's motion—
How silent the silver sea—
The moonbeam sleeps on the ocean,
How calmly and peacefully!

My bark, on the mirror gliding,
Seems borne by spirits along,
Or in tremulous stillness riding,
Deep fixed by the siren's song.

Bright quivers the sea before me,
Like gush of furnace in flow :
The stars are glittering o'er me—
Bright glitter the stars below.

What voice faint uttered is stealing
In silence along the sea ?
It wakes my inmost feeling—
Thou fairest, it leads me to thee.

XX.

THE night is still—on meadow and silvery fountain
The moonbeam sleeps, like innocence cradled in
love :

With softened smile, it rests on the snow of the
mountain,
And tints the sky, like wing of ethereal dove.

A cloud sails by, with lightest and easiest motion,
Now bossed with pearl, now shining with purple
and gold—

It glides away, like vessel afar on the ocean,
And spirits of bliss seem borne on its silvery fold.

A gentle wind, with fragrance of jessamine laden,
Steals faintly on, as longing for calm and repose,
And with it steals the lingering song of the maiden,
Whose lonely heart is lightened by song of its
woes.

O! list the song—if beauty and innocence ever
Have touched thy soul, thy heart will respond to
the strain.

The voice of love, of sorrow and longing, will never,
In soothing tones, be lost to thy spirit again.

XXI.

Over hill and plain and mountain
Speeds away, on pinions strong,
Nerved with life from holy fountain,
Far away, the soul of song.

O'er it swells the arch of heaven,
Boundless arch of softest blue—
Round it rise the halls of even,
Hung with every gorgeous hue.

To the spirit land of wonder,
Cloud-concealed, it speeds afar,
Borne on wings of rushing thunder,
Sounding like the tempest car—

Rolling high, like ocean surges,
When the midnight Typhon rings—
Hollow as a nation's dirges,
When the Almighty vengeance stings—

Deep and full as torrent pouring
From a wasted Alp of snows—
Awful as a Volcan roaring,
Ere its fiery deluge flows—

Yet as stream in shady valley,
Gurgling low through grass and flowers ;
Evening wind in garden alley,
Brushing dew from lilac bowers ;

Mellow horn, as twilight closes,
Winding through the slumbering grove ;

Maiden heart, by hedge of roses,
Murmuring faint its lay of love—

Yet so soft their echo lingers
Round the tranced listener's ear,
Sweet as, struck by fairy fingers,
Breathes the wind-harp, dim and clear.

On by keenest longing driven,
Speeds away their eagle flight,
Till the magic cloud-wall riven,
Dazzling pours a sea of light.

Then as beams the land of wonder,
Bursting from its cloudy veil,
Anthem tones, like peals of thunder,
Bid the new inspirer hail.

XXII.

FROM rock rebounding,
Through wood resounding,
In changeful echo is ringing
The early horn,
And Youth from his couch is springing,
To greet the morn.

The bright beams quiver
On lake, and on river ;
The dew from the forest is falling,
In starry light ;
And Spring on her train is calling,
To wing their flight.

Young Day ! we hail thee—
Gay clouds half veil thee,
As over the dewy mountain
Thou risest fair :
Beneath thy smile, the fountain
High sparkles there.

Glad songs attend thee ;
New blossoms lend thee,
By fairy touch unfolded,
Their first perfume,
And delicate hands have moulded
Their varied bloom.

Joy hovers by thee,
And Health is nigh thee—
A merry dance is bounding
Before thy car ;
Their songs, aloft resounding,
Are borne afar.

I run to meet thee—
With song to greet thee :
Thy handmaid, Beauty, around me
Her loosened zone
Has flung, and laughing has bound me,
To be her own.

SLAVONIA.

PART I.

[The following series of Sonnets is applicable to the four leading branches of the Slavonic race, namely: the first two, to the Russian; the third, to the Servian; the fourth, to the Polish; and the fifth, to the Bohemian.]

I.

Malenkoy krolík w trawkie zelenoy
S miloy podruz'koy tam otdychaet;
Golub na wietorzkie spít.—KARAMSIN.

There, in the green grass, softly reposes,
Close by his dear little love-ling, the cony;
There the dove sleeps on the bough.

NEAR Moskva's stream, through heath and forest
gliding,

Deep in a river vale, by meadow green,
Embowered in beech, a lonely church is seen,
Like timid fawn in dewy thicket hiding.

Above its roof, a Grecian crosslet, shining,
Points to the pious serf his heavenward way;
Around it spreads, bestrown with blossoms gay,
The field, where wearied hearts are safe reclining.

O'er swelling graves, the bounding rabbit plays ;
 All breathes of peace and gentleness around ;
 Light steals the maiden by ; subdued each sound ;
 Even fainter glances there the evening blaze.
 There, nestling side by side, at twilight's close,
 Soft coo the billing doves, and then repose.

II.

Tam widiel gory nad soboin,
 I sprasziwal, kotoroy wick
 Zastal ieh w molodosti suszczich.—DMITRIEV.

There I saw above me mountains,
 And I asked of them, what century
 Met them in their youth.

INSPIRING Spirit! thou art every where—

The forest, and the desert ; ocean's breast ;
 The ice-peak, where the condor builds his nest ;
 The plain ; the hill ; the vale—thou still art there.

'Tis not alone on Zion's holy height,
 Nor on Parnassus, thou hast reared thy shrine :
 Thy kindling voice and energy divine
 Are felt in realms of old Cimmerian night.

By Volga's princely stream, thy fiery car
 Uplifts the gifted soul, that owns thy sway,
 Aloft, above the gilded dome of Tzar—

O'er boundless steppes and dusky wilds away,
 O'er castled hill, where reigns the proud Boyar,
 Free, amid slaves, he mounts to meet thy day.

III.

Trepetiu li novi wenci na naszoj snaszi?
 Wije li se crwen barjak nad milim kunom?
 Jeli zdrowo koñ zelenko pod mladoz'eñom?

NAR. SRP. PJESM.

Tremble not new-woven garlands there on our sister?
 Waves not the crimson banner over the sponsor?
 Is not strong the dapple-gray under the bridegroom?

“WHAT is that descending yonder mountain?
 Waves the Aga's crimson flag afar?
 Comes the Turkish wolf to wage us war?
 Or does shepherd lead his flock to fountain?”

Yonder see the wedding-banner flying—
 Garlands waving in the maiden's hair—
 O! how tall and slender, fresh and fair—
 So the long expectant train is crying.

Give this happy day aloose to joy—
 Glad the heart with instrument and song—
 Flit, with maiden dear, in dance along—
 Let nor care nor thought your bliss annoy!
 Under slavery's chain the bosom swells—
 There, the fount of gentle feeling wells.

IV.

Piekny to widok Czertomeliku,
 Sto wysp przezr'neły Dniepru strumienie,
 Brzoza się kapie w każdym strumyku,
 Słychać szum trzciny, słowika pieńcie.—SŁOWACKI.

How beautiful this view of Czertomelik !
 The Dnieper's streams divide a hundred islands ;
 In every stream the birch tree dips its branches ;
 We hear the murmuring reed, and night-bird warbling.

STILL Spring returns, and scatters wide its roses ;
 The nightingale in leafy thicket sings,
 And heavenward mounts the lark on quivering wings ;
 In flowery pomp the silent plain reposes.

Nature is still the same, unchanging ever ;
 She brings her gifts with each returning year,
 And lavish pours her horn of plenty here,
 By castled hill and silver-sheeted river.

Still, lordly Dnieper rolls as wild and free,
 As when the Polish banner graced its shore—
 That banner waves along its banks no more ;
 Through isles as green it seeks the Pontic sea.
 Nature is ever free !—Why should the brave
 And noble heart of Poland sink—a slave !

V.

Gdi, ma mila, gdi do lesa;
 Podjwey se geh rosa;
 Rosyczka ge piekna byla,
 Roste na nj rosmarvna,
 Bude ej zjt moze mila —CZESK. NAR. PJSN.

Go, my dearest, to the wood;
 See if still the dew is there:
 Lovely is the early dew;
 In it grows the rosemary;
 Thou shalt on it live, my love.

By Muldava trips a rose-lipped maiden—

She has crowned her hat with summer flowers;
 Fresh and dewy as the fauled Hours,
 There she trips along, with blossoms laden.

How the valley with her voice is ringing,
 Like the evening songster's, soft and clear;
 In her happy eye a sparkling tear—
 She a simple Cheskian lay is singing.

O! how strong the love of country glows
 In the peasant's heart, when all is gone,
 King and state, his language left alone,
 Blooming still, as over graves the rose,
 From his bosom pours the stream of song,
 Full, in artless melody, along.

SLAVONIA.

PART II.

RUSSIA.

I.

Niezto '—no Ty wo mnie sijasz
Weliczestwom Tworcz d. brot;
Wo mnie sebja izo'briz'aesz,
Kak solnce w mloy kaplic wod.—DERZHAVIN.

Nothing '—but thou shinest in me with the majesty of thy goodness; in me thou imagest thyself, like the sun in a little drop of water.

Still burns the prophet's fire, as when of old
Elijah called, on Carmel, on the name,

The one sole name, and see! it mounts in flame
Just on the limits of eternal cold.

Pure, bright and full it swells—a sacred glow
Rolls o'er the spotless wilderness of snow,
And floating flakes of crystal burn as gems,
Worthy to shine in angels' diadems:

And then, in sounding tones, come thoughts of
power,

Full of sublimity and truth and awe—

Thunders in majesty the unyielding law ;
Relenting grace descends in healing shower.

We feel as nothing in the infinite :

We feel that infinite within our souls—

Away the cloud of doubt and darkness rolls ;
Our spirits stand, assured and free, in light.

II.

Och wy Ruskie dobre molodey !
Nadiwayte wy sabli wostryia,
Czto idet zlodney na swiatuju Rus.—SHULEPSNIKOV

Hey ! brave Russian youths,
Gird your swords so keen,
For your holy land the foe invades.

Nor the trumpet calls to fight—

Louder calls the patriot 'Tzar.

Strongly armed with sword and right,

We rush to war.

Treads the Frank our holy land,

By the world-invader led—

Soon we make the ruffian band

Its gory bed.

Moscow's fire, an altar flame,
 Lights us through a waste of snow—
 On, through ice, we chase the game
 With fervid glow.

Louder than the trumpet's peal,
 Rings the voice of patriot Tzar—
 With fiery hearts and flashing steel,
 We rush to war.

SERVIA.

I.

Zemalsko je za maleno carstwo,
 A nebesko uvek i do weka.—N. S. P. (TZAR LAZAR.)

Small and transient is an earthly kingdom,
 But the heavenly is now and ever.

“Go forth, and ask no blessing on thy sword—
 Go forth, and rush upon the turbaned foe ;
 Strong be the hand, that deals the deadly blow ;
 That hand shall scatter wide the Turkish horde.

Thine shall be earthly power and fame ; but know,
 The gates of Heaven shall ever on thee close—
 In vain, for thee, the stream of mercy flows ;
 For thou hast chosen thy good, thy all below.

Pause on the field, and bend thyself in prayer ;
 Yield reverently unto thy God and Lord ;
 Listen the hopes and terrors of his word ;
 'Then thou shalt fall—thy better lot is there—
 Thy crown shall be in Heaven.' He knelt and
 prayed ;
 He marched and fought, and low in death was
 laid.

II.

Srbli wiesz : za wjeru risztiansku,
 I za slawu imena Srpskoga !—N. S. P.

Cry the Servians : for the faith of Christians,
 And the glory of the name of Servia !

For faith and fame : be that the cry—
 We have our pride, and we our fame—
 Heroes of high and mighty name,
 On thousand fields of battle lie.

Long centuries we in arms have stood ;
 Have kept our faith, when others fell ;
 The Turk might crush ; he could not quell—
 Our covenant we have sealed in blood.

Our land is free—the cross alone
 Shines o'er our vales, and crowns our hills;
 The peasant reaps the soil he tills;
 The Moslem vultures far have flown.

Again they come—like clouds of night,
 They hang along yon mountain's brow.
 Rise, Servians!—be heroes, now—
 This be the last and fatal fight.

Hark to the charge!—their Allahu—
 It rings, not ours—it rings their knell,
 Rush to the shock, and bursting through,
 Leave not a Turk the tale to tell.

POLAND.

I.

Dzis sepy czarnem skrzydlem oblatuja groby,
 Jak w miescie, ktore calkiem wybije zaraza,
 Wiecznie z baszt powiewaja choragwie z'aboby.

MICKIEWICZ.

Now, black-winged vultures hover over graves,
 As in a town, by wasting plague consumed,
 Wave ever funeral-banners on the walls.

Thou standest as a castle on a rock,
 Dismantled, dark—the hospitable flame
 No longer lights its halls; unknown to fame,
 The simple shepherd shelters there his flock.

With trumpet-peal its gilded arches rung ;
 Forth from its gates, the lordly champions rode ;
 Bannered and helmed, the dazzling torrent flowed ;
 On tower and keep, the royal standard hung.

A fire has swept along those festive halls ;
 Broken and toppling, reel the blackened walls ;
 The voice of love and hope and joy is gone.
 Like funeral-flags, the raven spreads his wings ;
 In chambers, once the proud abode of kings,
 Now dwell the lizard and the owl alone.

II.

*Zemsta pospiech radzi.
 Juz' pojechali—Niech ich Bog prowadzi.—SŁOWACKI.*

*Vengeance bids haste.
 Already they are gone—may God conduct them.*

VENGEANCE calls you ! quick, be ready—
 Rouse ye, in the name of God.
 Onward, onward ! strong and steady—
 Dash to earth the oppressor's rod.
 Vengeance calls ! ye brave, ye brave !
 Rise, and spurn the name of slave.

Grasp the sword!—its edge is keen;
Seize the gun!—its ball is true;
Sweep your land from tyrants clean—
Haste, and scour it through and through.
Onward, onward!—vengeance cries.
Rush to arms—the tyrant flies.

By the souls of patriots gone,
Wake—arise—your fetters break!
See! Kosciuszko bids you on—
Hark, Sobieski cries, awake!
Rise, and front the despot Czar—
Rise, and dare the unequal war.

Vengeance calls you! quick, be ready—
Think of what your sires have been.
Onward, onward! strong and steady—
Drive the tyrant to his den.
On, and let the watchword be:
Country, home, and liberty!

BOHEMIA.

I.

Wyrostła mnie była róz'e, ga gi trhat nebudu ;
 Milowala gsem Wenciczka, wje milowat nebudu.
 CZEŠK. NAR. PJEŠN.

Full for me the rose has opened, but I will not pluck the rose ;
 I have given my heart to Wensly, but I'll love the youth no more.

THE rose now blooms—with love my bosom heaves ;
 It fades and withers—sorrow chills my heart :
 The cold rains trickle o'er the faded leaves—
 Tears from their secret fount unbidden start.

The dewy morning rises fresh and fair—
 Hope comes again to wake my love anew :
 With blooms of May the maiden wreaths her hair ;
 Joy swells my heart, as swells the rose with dew.

Thus flows the Cheskian song—the song thus flows,
 In Servia's vales, on Russia's boundless plains,
 By Visla's banks, unfettered or in chains,
 Where'er the pure Slavonian spirit glows.
 Ages have rolled away, yet still remain
 The seeds, that time and force have crushed in
 vain.

II.

Kdoz' gste Boz'j bogownjky
A zakona geho.—ZIZKA.

Ye warriors of God, and of his law.

A holy feeling leads them on ;
For God their swords they draw :
Their chief, the fearless champion
Of God, and of his law.

Not theirs, the strength of mortal fight—
Religion nerves their hands :
They lift their arms for truth and right ;
For faith, each warrior stands.

The ardent hymn, the solemn prayer,
Instead of trump and drum,
Tell to their enemies : “ Beware !—
The sacred legions come.”

With brow serene and steady eye,
Firm foot and measured tread—
“ Huss !” bursts at once the battle cry—
“ His blood for truth was shed.”

And loud, as pealing thunder, breaks,
From thousand hearts, their hymn :
Headlong they rush—earth 'neath them shakes—
Smoke rolls—the day is dim.

“ Huss !” swells the cry, and Zizka's shout
Rings through the roar of war.
The foe recoils—he breaks in rout,
And scatters wide and far.

“ Glory to God !” the victory song—
“ Praise him—the field is won.
He only makes the warrior strong.
His will—his will be done !”

TEUTONIA.

[Under this head is grouped a number of pieces, which, by the structure of their verse, if not by their style and manner, are, in character, German. The stanza, in each, is formed on the model indicated by the motto prefixed. In the third and fifth, the rhythm of the air is observed, rather than that of the original verse.]

HOPE.

Hoffnung, Hoffnung, immer grün—HERDER.

Hope, Hope, forever green—

DARK before me lies my way :

Not a blossom by it springs ;

Not a bird, on sunny wings,

Hovers round, and tunes his lay.

On it stretches, wild and lone :

Chill the wind is whistling there ;

Gone the light that early shone ;

Vanished long, the young and fair.

As with heaving heart, I tread
 Silent onward, heaven uncloses ;
 Hope descends on clouds of roses ;
Instant all my gloom has fled.
Like an overswelling river,
 Round her flows a stream of light ;
Radiant pinions o'er it quiver ;
 Countless joys are there in flight.

But a moment—dark again,
 Dark and dreary, shuts the sky :
 Heavy clouds above me lie ;
Round me elings an icy chain.
O ! could but a single ray
 Gleam from cottage lamp or star,
Then, along my lingering way,
 I could seek my home afar.

Hark ! what low and distant note
 Softly through the gloom is stealing ?—
 With it comes a voice of healing ;
Sounds of heaven around me float.
Light, like vernal dawn, ascending,
 O'er new wakened beauty plays ;
Flowers, with feathered foliage blending,
 Tremble in the golden blaze.

Soon the soothing voice is still ;
 Broods the silence of the grave :
 O'er me shades of cypress wave ;
 Darker fears my bosom fill,
 Thus must ever be my doom—
 Light and song a moment shed ;
 Then a cloud of deeper gloom
 Rolled, like torrent, o'er my head.

“Speed thee on!”—in sweetest tone,
 Hope, the young and lovely ever,
 Breathes—the song shall leave me never—
 “Speed thee!—soon thy night has flown,
 All the light, the love, the bliss,
 E'er in holiest vision given,
 In a fairer world than this,
 Greet thee soon—thy home is Heaven!”

SKATING.

Wir gleiten, o Brüder, mit fröhlichem Sinn
 Auf Sternengülden das Leben dahin.—HERDER.

We glide, O! brothers, in cheerful play,
 O'er starry fields, through life away.

WE speed o'er the star-lighted mirror along,
 And the wood and the mountain re-echo our song.

As on, like the wing of the eagle, we sweep,
Now gliding, now wheeling, we ring o'er the deep.
The winds whistle keenly—the red cheek is warm,
And there's none, who would yield not his breast
to the storm.

The stars are above us, so full and so bright,
And the mirror below us is gemmed with their light.
Like the far-wheeling hawk, in the mid air we fly;
A sky is above us—below us a sky.
As onward we glide in our race, we keep time;
And clear as the morning bell, echoes our chime.

By pine-covered rock, and by willow-bound shore,
Breast even with breast, like a torrent we pour.
Short, quick are our strokes, as we haste to the
mark,
And shrill is our cry, as the trill of the lark.
The goal is now reached, and we bend us away,
Wide wheeling, or curving in fanciful play.

How fondly I loved, when my life-blood was
young—
When buoyant my heart, and my limbs newly
strung—
When the friends of my childhood were round me
and near—
O'er the dark lake to sweep in our sounding career;

And high beat my soul, with enthusiast glow,
As a clear-ringing music was pealing below.

We heeded no danger—we carelessly flew
O'er a deep, that in darkness was lost to our view;
And onward we rushed, in the heat of our strife,
As, o'er danger and ruin, we hurry through life.
So we sped in our flight, as on pinions along,
And the wood and the mountain re-echoed our song.

THE CHARGE.

Wohlauf Kameraden, aufs Pferd, aufs Pferd!
Ins Feld, in die Freyheit gezogen.—SCHILLER.

Arouse ye, my comrades—to horse, to horse!
To the field, and to freedom, advancing.

The horn and the trumpet are ringing afar,
As the summons to battle is sounding;
And the steed, as he catches the signal of war,
In the pride of his spirit is bounding.
Shrill it echoes afar, over hill and o'er plain,
And the wide distant mountains repeat it again;
And the shout of the warrior, and nearer the song,
Peal aloud, as the glittering bands are hurrying along.
As on, on, on, on, pours the tide of fight,
Still aloft floats the tossing flag, in the glance of
morning's light.

We leap to our saddles, we range us in line,
 As the voice of the trumpet is calling.
 O'er the crown of yon ridge, bright their drawn
 sabres shine ;
 Down its slope, like a flood, they are falling.
 " Give the spur—to the charge—ere the foeman is
 nigh :
 Rush amain, as the forest rings loud with your cry :
 Speed on to the shock, in his midway career—
 For our sires still were first in fight ; they never
 thought of fear !"
 So on, on, on, on, o'er the sounding plain,
 To the wild conflict fierce they rush, and together
 dash amain.

THE WILD HUNTER.

Es kam die Nacht gezogen—SCHREIBER.

WHAT gloomy shapes are bending,
 In darkness, o'er the plain ?
 The distant hills ascending,
 Behold ! they sweep amain.
 The rock and the forest re-echo the sound
 Of horn and of trumpet, of horse and of hound—
 Hurra ! with horn and hound,
 The rocks and woods resound.

He hurries on affrighted,
The wanderer, through the gloom.
Alone by flashes lighted,
He hurries to his doom!

Then it rolls from afar, like the echoing peal
Of the storm, and the mountain tops quiver and
reel—

The quivering mountains reel,
As bursts the echoing peal!

“And whither art thou flying,
Thou wanderer, on thy way?
The heavy wind is sighing,
And see, the lightnings play.”

“But hark, from the heart of the deep-rolling cloud,
The horn of the huntsman is ringing aloud—
From the deep-rolling cloud,
The horn rings long and loud.”

“And why so wildly straying?—
Seest not, on yonder height,
Around the white walls playing,
The mellow evening light?”

“In terror I haste from that castle away;
There wildly the hounds of the dark hunter bay—
The hounds there wildly bay;
In fear I haste away!”

“ Unreal dreams affright thee ;
Wild visions haunt thy soul.
Wouldst thou 'mid rocks benight thee,
When near the thunders roll ?”

“ The steeds are in chase, and the bay of the hound,
Keen scenting my track, is now pealing around—
The hollow bay of hound
Peals awfully around !”

In wild despair retreating
Before the gathering host,
Through rock and forest fleeing,
He mutters—lost ! lost ! lost !
Then the storm bursts above him with echoing peal !
And around him the troops of the wild hunter wheel—
As bursts the echoing peal,
Around they dash and wheel !

And swift the host advancing,
Beneath their thundering tread,
The rocks and trees are dancing ;
Their blades flash keenly red.
The woods bow before them ; the cliffs crack, and
pour
Their avalanche prone, 'mid the rush and the roar—
The cliffs loud crackling pour,
Amid the rush and roar !

How sweetly dawns the morning!

The fearful night is gone.

Yon chapel bell its warning

Rings faintly all alone.

On the breeze, as it curls over meadow and lake,

Breathes the voice of the bird from her nest in the
brake,

And floating far away,

Welcomes the peaceful day!

THE HUNTER DEATH.

Ich hab' eine Wiege so schmuck und nett—SCHMIDT

I AM a bold hunter—my hunt is wide ;

I mount in the morning, and swift I ride ;

O'er vale, o'er hill, I speed away,

And pause not, rest not, through the long, long day.

My string is of sinew, my bow is long,

And sharp is my arrow, my arm is strong :

I point my shaft with deadly aim ;

It whizzes, pierces—then it burns like flame.

And I have a carabine, slung on my back—

It rings through the forest with startling crack ;

Like thunder crash, it echoes round,
And jarring, quivering, 'neath it shakes the ground.

And sure is the foot of my coal-black steed ;
Ever onward he rushes with lightning speed :
He snuffs in every wind the prey,
Then high exulting, wildly bursts away.

And keen is the scent of my well-trained pack ;
'Through wood and through thicket they keep the
track ;
'The game his subtlest art may try—
It aids not, boots not ; quick the hounds are by.

I sound, on my clanging horn, his knell,
And fiercely they answer with howl and yell :
'They plunge through swamp, they dash through
flood,
Yet wilder rages, hot, their thirst for blood.

One hound is jet black, and I call him War ;
And his strong limbs are spotted with wound and
scar ;
His eye is red—like coal, its fire,
And ever sleepless, burns his demon ire.

Another close follows, with hoarser din,
Coarse-featured and shaggy—I call him Sin :

Blood-shot his eye—his froth is blue,
And drips its venom thick, like poison dew.

Another is sallow, and gaunt of limb;
His lips are pale, and his eye is dim:
I call him Famine—but he is strong,
And swift, yet silent, sweeps, like night, along.

So with twanging bow, and with clanging horn,
To dusk of night, from break of morn,
On coal-black steed, I speed away,
And pause not, rest not, through the long, long day.

THE BARD.

Was hör' ich draussen vor dem Thor—*GETHE.*

'THE bard sits lonely in the hall,
His cherished harp beside him.
From friend so dear, whate'er befall,
No moment can divide him.
Erect and calm, he sits alone—
The only friend, he feels his own,
His cherished harp beside him.

A pageant throng now fills the hall—
 'There beauty darts her glances,
And mingled voices joyous call
 For song and wine and dances.
He sits apart from all the train—
The song and dance invite in vain ;
 Unfelt are beauty's glances.

The present has no charms for him—
 The distant only wakes him.
Where hoary old lies dark and dim,
 A living spirit takes him.
Unbidden to life's banquet, he
Wide wanders, all alone, yet free,
 As ancient glory wakes him.

The song is swelling in the hall,
 Loud music clangs around him,
When quick, as touched by lightning, fall
 The chains that silent bound him.
He throws his hand athwart his strings ;
A clear sweet tone, preluding, rings ;
 His Genius hovers round him.

The song is hushed ; the clang is still ;
 Spell-bound, they pause to hear him :
He bends and sways their hearts at will ;
 Entranced they gather near him :

Full-toned, yet soft, his measures roll ;
They fill with deep delight the soul :
They cannot choose but hear him.

The bard has gone—his song is o'er,
Yet still he sits before them.
He wakes his magic harp no more ;
Its tones still hover o'er them.
Away he wanders, sad and lone—
Still sits he there, as on a throne,
Erect and calm, before them.

SONGS.

I.

THE BOATMAN.

Our oars keep time
In merry chime,
As light we pull to the shore.
By green-wood tree
My home I see—
So heave! for our voyage is o'er.

The golden day
Now fades away,
And red uprises the moon.
The water-flake,
Along our wake,
Is lost in darkness soon.

And west, afar,
The evening star

Looks over the curling lake ;
And hark ! my ear—
The shore is near—
Can hear the ripples break.

The window-light
Now greets my sight—
My wife is waiting there.
Along the strand
I see them stand—
My boys, so gentle and fair.

So pull away—
I hear them say :
“See ! yonder, father has come.”
The window is bright—
A happy night
There ’ll be in the boatman’s home.

II.

WINTER EVENING.

THE fire is burning cheerly bright,
The room is snug and warm ;
We keep afar the wintry night,
And drive away the storm ;

And when without the wanderer pines,
And all is dark and chill,
We sit securely by the fire,
And sparkling glasses fill.

And ever as the hollow wind
Howls through the moaning trees,
Strange feelings on the boding heart
With sudden chillness seize :
But brightly blazes then the hearth,
And freely flows the wine ;
And laugh of glee, and song of mirth,
Then wreath their merry twine.

We think not how the dashing sleet
Beats on the crusted pane ;
We care not though the drifting snow
Whirls o'er the heath amain :
But haply, while our hearts are bright,
Far struggling through the waste,
Some traveller seeks our window's light,
With long and fruitless haste.

Hark his halloo !—we leave the fire,
And hurry forth to save :
A short half hour, and he had found,
Beneath the snow, a grave.

Pile on the wood—feed high the flame—
Bring forth our choicest store !
The traveller's heart grows warm again ;
His spirit droops no more.

III.

EVENING.

'THE evening star is sparkling bright,
And in darkness fades the rosy light :
How sweetly shines that evening star,
Bright twinkling o'er the hills afar.
'The last expiring gleam of day,
'The mellow twilight, steals away ;
But soon, with full and silver light,
'The moon walks forth and cheers the night.

What softer feelings through my soul,
What tender, sweet emotions roll !
'Though the light of day is gone, is gone,
My love still burns as brightly on :
And beneath the moon I rove along,
And low I hum my own dear song ;
Away 'tis floating on the air—
O ! will it reach my fair, my fair ?

IV.

O! THE days of blooming youth are gone—
How swift the years are hasting on!
My eye has lost its lustre bright;
My flowing locks are thin and white.
The blissful moments would not stay;
Like dreams, they glided quick away:
But still in memory they remain;
Those happy hours are young again.

And O! may they be ever there,
As dear to me, as sweet and fair;
And even till life's last sand is run,
O! may they flow as brightly on.
My eye grows dim; my pulse beats still;
Life's winter waxes dark and chill:
But still youth's dreams are fresh and bright;
Still burns as pure love's holy light.

V.

O! HOW softly sweet the song is flowing,
Softly flowing through the mellow air,
Kind refreshment on my heart bestowing,
Waking thoughts that long had slumbered there.

Then fond memory sweetly loves to bring me
Scenes, that still forgotten long had lain ;
Youth's emotions, bright and joyous, wing me
Lightly to the heaven of love again.

And its earliest blossoms have not faded—
Still they fill around the sunny air ;
And with bower of heavenly rose is shaded
Still the spring of joy that bubbles there.

O ! when softly sweet the song is flowing,
Ever glides from me my spirit's chain.
Then I mount, with youth's first passion glowing,
Lightly to the heaven of love again.

VI.

THE night is dark ; the hollow wind
Is breathing faint and low :
Though loth to leave my love behind,
Perforce away I go.

Away o'er mountain, and o'er moor—
My guide, no friendly star ;
No window light, to lead me o'er
The heath, that spreads afar.

Though dark the night, a darker shade
Hangs heavy round my heart.
How deep it sank, as cold she said
Those bitter words: "We part!"

"We part, and, ay, forever too:
My love for thee has gone."
I turned, and bade no last adieu,
But wildly hurried on.

O! on through sleet and driving rain,
Still let me ever haste;
Day breaks not on my heart again,
Life lies forever waste.

Away o'er mountain and o'er moor,
Though cold the gusty wind:
No light to cheer me on before—
Hope, love, all left behind!

VII.

O! come, loved Spirit, come to me:
My heart, my heart, invoketh thee.
Though dark and cheerless broods my night.
Thy presence fills it all with light.

O! come, loved Spirit, gently come ;
O! make beside my heart thy home :
Look on me with endearing smile—
That look shall all my woes beguile.

O! be thou ever, ever nigh ;
Bend on me thy complacent eye :
Then shall my heart swell up to thee,
My soul be large, my spirit free.

Bear me away, through sun and star,
To worlds of softest light afar :
Then bid my wearied eyelids close,
On pillowed flowers, in blest repose.

VIII.

WIFE! I am dying—
Life is departing—
Soon I must leave thee—

Soon I am gone.

O! wilt thou weep me,
When I have left thee?

O! wilt thou weep me,
When I am gone?

If I have ever
Wronged thee or grieved thee,
O! now forgive me,
Ere I am gone.
Sadly I rue it—
Thou wilt forget it—
O! then forgive me,
Ere I am gone.

Darkness is round me—
Dimly I see thee—
Life is just closing—
Soon I am gone.
O! thou wilt weep me—
Truly wilt weep me—
Yes, thou wilt weep me,
When I am gone!

IX.

EVENING.

THE evening star now sparkles bright;
Full shines the rising moon;
And fleetly fades the rosy light
Around the horizon.

The bosom swells with holy joy ;
The heart beats soft and low :
No longer care and pain annoy ;
Unchecked the feelings flow.

The meadow brook now dances light ;
Its wave shines silver clear :
The stars are dancing strangely bright,
Along yon azure sphere.
The nightingale her melody
Trills lightly from the brake ;
And trembling floats, in harmony,
The moonbeam on the lake.

The lovelorn maiden listens long,
As trills the melody :
Her tender bosom feels it strong ;
Her tears are flowing free.
She fondly thinks her lover then
Is serenading nigh ;
And sadly sweet in dreams again
She sees him standing by.

O ! evening is the time for me ;
Be thine the garish day :
My spirit is so full and free,
As fades the light away.

My bosom swells with holy joy ;
My heart beats soft and low ;
And fondly then, without annoy,
My gentler feelings flow.

X.

AWAKE, MY LYRE.

AWAKE, my lyre, awake !
Breathe aloud the choral strain ;
From thy heavy slumber break ;
Wake to life and joy again.

Hark ! how on thy trembling strings
Songs of hope and love rebound ;
Brushed as by an angel's wings,
How the vocal chords resound.

Now thy long deep sleep has flown ;
Spirit burns along thy wire :
How the swelling peals roll on,
Full, instinct with living fire.

O ! be silent never more ;
Soar to day's eternal blue ;
Through the solemn midnight pour
Notes that fall like starry dew.

As on eagle's pinions, take
High to heaven thy sweep again ;
Light and music o'er us shake,
Like a shower of golden rain—
Awake, my lyre, awake !
Breathe aloud the choral strain.

XI.

HUNTING SONG.

O! SEE how the red-deer boundeth,
As he hears the horn in the morning :
He leaps, as the blast resoundeth,
In his flight the hunter scorning.
And away, away, O! away,
He fleets through the forest drear :
'Tis more wild freedom's play,
Than the hurried speed of fear.
He leaps, as the blast resoundeth,
In his flight the hunter scorning ;
And away, away he boundeth,
As he hears the horn in the morning.
Then oho! oho! oho!
Away to chase the deer—
Oho! oho! oho!
The free, the free are here.

And on, through the forest fleeting,
He hies to the rock-built fountain,
And hears but the echo retreating
To the dells and glens of the mountain.
He stands by the welcome spring,
And looks in the mirror below—
When hark! through the green-wood ring
The horn and the loud oho!
He leaps, as the blast resoundeth,
In his flight the hunter scorning;
And away, away he boundeth,
As he hears the horn in the morning.
Then oho! oho! oho!
Away to chase the deer—
Oho! oho! oho!
The free, the free are here.

XII.

MEMORY.

O! WHEN Memory brings her light,
And sweetly calls me home,
Swifter than the swallow's flight,
Bright visions to me come.
Such fond Memory brings
On her golden wings—
O! she brings them with her light,
And sweetly calls me home.

Visions, veiled in roseate light,
Then gently round me throng :
Softest tones of young delight,
Sweet tones, forgotten long,
Melt into my soul,
While with blest control,
Hopes and fancies, starry bright,
Mingle in the song.

Memory, be thou ever near
To glad me on my way :
Thy light to greet, thy voice to hear,
O ! I would fondly stay.
Days that knew no shade,
Ah ! they never fade—
Beams, from heaven's eternal year,
Still lightly o'er them play.

XIII.

THE GERMAN EMIGRANT'S SONG.

O ! DEUTSCHLAND, our good Fatherland,
Where grows the vine, along the Rhine ;
Where far the Alpine summits stand,
And o'er the free-born Switzer shine ;
Where bright thy southern summer glows,
Thy northern winter sleeps in snows :

Thy pine-clad hills, thy heaths of sand,
All linked by Union's golden band,
'Thou art our Fathers' Fatherland.

O! Deutschland, blue-eyed Herman's home—
Thou, earliest free, thy liberty
Hast sent, where'er the Saxon roam ;
Earth's new-born freedom sprang from thee.
First o'er thy woods it dawned, nor yet
Has there its pure effulgence set :
On to the west still rolls the day,
O'er ocean holds its heavenward way ;
Its Fatherland, still thou for aye.

My Country! Home, where first I heard,
Full, deep and strong, the Patriot song ;
First learnt to lisp the sacred word,
As pealed the bell thy vales along—
Still with thee, faith and honour dwell ;
The oath we swear, we keep it well : .
Nor needs our faith so strong a token ;
A grasp of hand, a pledge just spoken,
Sure as our hearts, is never broken.

O! Deutschland, our own Fatherland,
Though distant far, Thou, like a star,
Beamest on us from the Frisian strand ;
Our hearts, our loves, still centre there :

Still we behold the purpling vine,
Full clustered, crown the noble Rhine.—
O! may thy sons, by valour manned,
With earnest soul, and strenuous hand,
Strike for thee, sacred Fatherland!

XIV.

THE HARPER.

THE harper once in Tara's halls,
Rung loud the martial strain;
Nor were those full and stirring notes
Struck by his hand in vain.
They roused the sons of Erin, far
To drive the invading foe;
They fired the heart, and nerved the hand,
To deal the avenging blow.

In vest of green, the harper sat
Beside the royal throne;
The golden chain, that slung his harp,
In pride around him thrown.
Wide through the halls his music rang,
And warriors leaped to hear;
Drew the bright sword, and shook it high,
And tossed the beamy spear.

But Tara's halls are seen no more ;
In ruin low they lie :
'The green turf o'er them weaves its sod ;
The weeds there mantle high—
And Erin's sons no longer leap
To hear their harp's wild tone :
'The light, that o'er their country shed
Its beams from heaven, has flown.

And sadly now the harper wends
To other realms his way :
He seeks a freer, happier land,
Where Britons bear no sway.
'Then welcome here, with generous cheer,
The minstrel, wandering lone ;
And let us ever hold him dear,
And prize him as our own.

XV.

THAT strain o' music greets my ear,
Like joys o' days departed,
When ilka mornin' dawn'd sae fair,
An' fand me lightsome hearted :
It tells o' loves that ance I knew,
O' een that shone sae clearly,
An' ah ! it minds me o' the voice
O' her I loe'd sae dearly.

It minds me o' the welcome, when
I met her aft at gloamin ;
It minds me o' the sweet fareweel,
When we had lang been roamin'.
It is her sang—I ken it true ;
Nae ither voice could breathe it ;
Nane wi' sic artless melody,
Sae woodland wild, enwreath it.

Flow gently on, thou sweetest strain ;
My heart is fain to hear thee.
My loves I'll never know again ;
'They dwell in heav'n a' near thee.
An' yet the hopes o' ither days
Dawn, as thou breathest round me.
My spirit bursts to light an' life,
Frae sorrow's chain that bound me.

Thou stealest to my inmost soul,
An' charm'st awa my sadness.
The clouds, that heavy round me roll,
Now break, an' a' is gladness.
O fly na' yet ! wi' lang delay,
Still fondly linger near me—
Blest voice o' joy an' comfort, stay !
I'll never tire to hear thee.

XVI.

An' hae ye heard the bonnie birds,
That sing sae sweet i' the birken shaw?
O ye may tell o' your nightingales—
Thae bonnie birds outsing them a'.
An' ye may tell o' the minstrels too,
Wha tune their harps in bower an' ha'—
I better loe the bonnie birds,
That sing sae sweet i' the birken shaw.

Nae cushat ever safter croods,
Amang the woods, her dyin' fa',
Nae lav'rock louder lilts at morn,
When mountin' high to heaven's ha'.
Nae gloamin win' aye sighs sae low
Mang autumn leaves in birken shaw;
Nae pibroch mang the mountains rings
Wi' fu'er swell its gatherin' ca'.

An' wha can be the bonnie birds,
That sing sae sweet i' the 'birken-shaw?
'Twa bonnie lasses be thae birds,
An' they might sing in palace ha';
Ae bonnie lassie sings sae sweet,
Ye feel the tears unbidden fa';
But tither starts ye to your feet,
An' stirs ye high, she sings sae braw.

XVII.

THE SPIRITS' LULLABY

WHEN the night is still,
On the moonlit hill
We sink in soft repose ;
While the cool winds sigh,
And the rivulet nigh
In mellow music flows.
Then, as in dreams we float in light along,
Sweet round us breathes from heaven a cradle song :
Slumber ! slumber ! Angels watch you nigh—
Slumber ! slumber ! Spirits, gathering by,
Sing their lullaby.

 Hushed to slumber deep,
 Softly then we sleep,
And happy is our dream :
 Forms of beauty rare
 Float along the air ;
 Their eyes how kindly beam.
Then, as we listen, harps around us play ;
Gentlest of voices bid us come away :
Hither—hither, where the heavens are bright—
Hither—hither, to this world of light—
 Hither take your flight.

XVIII.

SOFTLY flow, thou gentle river,
Through the vale where dwells my love :
Tell her, I am constant ever ;
Nought from her my heart can move.
Bear this rose-leaf on thy bosom,
Image of my constancy :
Waft it safely to her cottage ;
Tell her it was sent by me.

She will fondly stoop to gather
From thy wave the welcome leaf,
Press it to her lips, and smother
Lightly so her swelling grief.
Murmur faintly, as she takes it :
“Faithful lover sent it thee—
Be the treasure to thee ever,
Image of his constancy.”

XIX.

ONCE I saw, in pride of beauty,
Full unveiled, a golden flower.
Sweetest perfume flowed around it :
It was evening's winning hour.

I approached the splendid blossom,
Kissed its bosom softly swelling;
But no odours breathed around it,
Though it seemed their chosen dwelling.

By this blossom bloomed unseen,
Low in shade, a milder flower;
Pale its cheek, and wet its eye,
Bathed in evening's dewy shower.

O'er the lonely flower I hung;
Thence the sweets that filled the air:
To that gentle flower I clung—
Pale, yet seemed it more than fair.

XX.

Once, in the heart of a desert,
Blossomed a rose-bush unseen:
Only the sands were around it;
Nought but its leaf was there green.
Ever, at evening and morning,
Trickled its flowers with dew;
And then, in light circles, round it
Fondly a nightingale flew.

Over the sands strayed a pilgrim,
Lost in the midst of the wild,
When on his faint eye, at evening,
Sweetly the rose-blossom smiled :
Sweetly the nightingale wooed him,
Under its shade to repose ;
'There his song charmed him to slumber,
Wet by the dew of the rose.

Freshly he rose in the morning—
Dug in the sand by the flower,
And a bright fountain up-sparkled,
Welling with bubbling shower :
Over the sands as it murmured,
Green sprung the grass by its side ;
Round it a garden soon blossomed,
Fed by its life-giving tide.

There, too, a wild vine up-started ;
Under its shelter he dwelt :
Morning and evening, yet ever
Low by the rose-bush he knelt.
So in the far waste forgotten,
Still flowed his pure life along,
Soothed by the rose-blossom's fragrance,
Charmed by the nightingale's song.

XXI.

WHEN the violet blows,
Light the swallow plumes his wings,
Sweet the earliest robin sings ;
 Something dearer brings the rose.

Fairer forms are nigh,
When the rose is full and bright :
Ever shapes of softest light
 Then in glancing flight go by.

From what clime are they ?
From the wakened heart they rise,
Bright as hues of orient skies—
 Soon the vision flies away.

THE SISTER SPIRITS.

A CANTATA.



FIRST VOICE.

I IN the morning flutter
 Over the dew-lit flowers,
Light in the morning flutter
 Around the rosy bowers.
Gay as the mavis singing
 Among the dew-lit flowers,
You hear my clear voice ringing
 Out of the rosy bowers—
 Out of the rosy bowers,
 Around the rosy bowers—
You hear my clear voice ringing
 Around the rosy bowers.

SECOND VOICE.

I, when the night is still,
 Over the ocean glide,
Or round the silent hill,
 Upon the moonbeam ride.

When all is dark and lone,
From deep and winding dell,
You hear my magic tone,
Like the distant mermaid's shell.
From winding dell
You hear it swell,
Far, then near, like the mermaid's shell.

BOTH.

We are two sister peris,
Floating in light along,
Dancing at night with the fairies,
Joining the lark in his song.
We come and go,
Like the sea in its flow,
And soft as the snow,
As it falls on the river,
Steal to the heart,
And are gone forever.
Sister spirits are we,
From the heaven of song descending;
Our feelings and tones agree,
In harmony ever blending.

FIRST VOICE.

When o'er the hills the dawn is stealing,
Hark to my trill of joyous feeling—

SECOND VOICE.

When the evening has faded and gone,
List to my song as it dies away—

FIRST VOICE.

Hear me too, when the dew's are falling,
Home to her bower the truant calling—

SECOND VOICE.

When the bright moon is rolling on,
Hear my deep shell on the silvered bay.
Hear my deep shell on the silvered bay—

FIRST VOICE.

Hark to my trill of joyous feeling,
Like the young lark's, in his gladness wheeling—

SECOND VOICE.

List to my song as it dies away.
List to my song as it bursts again,
Loud as the trump on the battle plain.
Now, like the mountain horn,
Clanging through wood and dell,
Far on the echoes borne—
O! hark to its rolling swell.
Careering—careering afar,
It pours like a flood from the height,
Answers from crag and scar,
Then breathes like the whisper of night.

FIRST VOICE.

Merrily—merrily ringing,
My clear voice wakens the grove,

Clear as the woodman's, singing
The song of his happy love.
Like bees on the purple heather,
When summer is still and bright,
My tones, light hovering, gather
New sweets in their airy flight.

SECOND VOICE.

Mine is the spell of power—

FIRST VOICE.

Mine is the charm of feeling—

SECOND VOICE.

Night is my chosen hour—

FIRST VOICE.

Mine is the cheerful day.

BOTH.

Each to the heart appealing,
We rule with a magic sway,
And willing spirits obey
The sweet influence over them stealing.

Winningly thus our tones combine,
Like the lily and rose in perfect twine.
A moment we hover—then take our flight :
Good night to you all! Good night! Good night!

CLASSIC MELODIES.

PART I.

[I have attempted, below, a series of imitations of four of the leading classes of ancient measures, namely, the Dactylic (Elegiac,) Iambic (including the Anacreontic,) Anapestic, and Trochaic. The first I have adapted, after the manner of Tyrtæus, to the Patriotic Elegy; the Iambic proper (Trimeter,) to a subject not unsuited to its tragic character; the Anacreontic, to its not inappropriate purpose, as a Dithyrambic. The Anapestic has the proper movement of a march; in the longer lines (Tetrameter,) that of a dead march; in the shorter (Dimeter,) that of an onset. The Trochaic I have adapted to the sentimental; in the longer lines (Tetrameter,) to the more tender and pathetic; in the shorter (Dimeter,) to the lighter and more exhilarant. Here, too, in lines of equal length, the character varies, as the measure is complete or incomplete (Acatalectic or Catalectic;) in the former case, the movement being more gentle; in the latter, more spirited. I have aimed at classical imagery and sentiment, in all these pieces, except the first Trochaic, the character of which is rather modern; but such is the dominant influence of the Subjective, in modern poetry, that I am conscious I have not attained, as well as I could wish, to the purer Objective of the ancients.]

ELEGIAC.

O! IT is great for our country to die, where ranks are
contending :

Bright is the wreath of our fame ; Glory awaits
us for aye—

Glory, that never is dim, shining on with a light
never ending—

Glory, that never shall fade, never, O! never
away.

O! it is sweet for our country to die—how softly re-
poses

Warrior youth on his bier, wet by the tears of his
love,

Wet by a mother's warm tears; they crown him with
garlands of roses,

Weep, and then joyously turn, bright where he
triumphs above.

Not to the shades shall the youth descend, who for
country hath perished:

Hebe awaits him in heaven, welcomes him there
with her smile;

There at the banquet divine, the patriot spirit is
cherished;

Gods love the young, who ascend pure from the
funeral pile.

Not to Elysian fields, by the still oblivious river;

Not to the isles of the blest, over the blue-rolling
sea;

But on Olympian heights shall dwell the devoted
forever ;

There shall assemble the good, there the wise,
valiant and free.

O ! then how great for our country to die, in the
front rank to perish,

Firm with our breast to the foe, victory's shout
in our ear :

Long they our statues shall crown, in songs our
memory cherish ;

We shall look forth from our heaven, pleased the
sweet music to hear.

IAMBIC.

My heart is sad, my hope is gone, my light has fled ;

I sit and mourn, in silent grief, the lingering day :

Ah ! never more he comes, my love ; among the dead,

O ! far, O ! far, his fleeting shade has flown
away.

Far o'er the dark and dismal wave, whence no re-
turn,

In deepest night he wanders now, a shape of air :

He hears me not ; hears not the sighs, with love
that burn :

I see no more that form, so bright, so young and
fair.

O! bright and fair, as shapes that oft from heaven
descend,

And on Parnassus stand before the setting sun :
Bright, when he moved in shining arms, home to
defend ;

Bright, when a champion strong, the eager race
he run :

O! fair, as rose and lily fair, when they entwine,
In asphodelian meads, their wreath of virgin
bloom :

His heart was kind as brave; O! he was doubly
mine,

But now I only weep beside his early tomb.

Death, with inverted torch, the young and gentle
death,

Weeps o'er him now, and mourns the plucked
and withered flower :

All bloom must fade—the south-wind breathes its
withering breath,

And the clear-blowing north sweeps on, with
blasting power.

I too must soon be gone ; in grief I glide away :

'The rose has left my cheek; my eye looks dim
through tears.

Come, gentle death ! here with the youth in silence
lay

My form, ere it has felt the icy touch of years.'

ANACREONTIC.

COME, crown my cup with roses ;
With wine now brim it over ;
My heart in joy reposes ;
Around it pleasures hover.
The nectar sparkles brightly,
With light from love's full quiver :
Come, drain it, drain it lightly,
And shout : Io forever !

With wreathen ivy crown me,
Dark-eyed Eolian maiden !
In sweet oblivion drown me,
Till deep with joy o'erladen.
I sink in blissful slumber,
And dream of love and Zoe ;
Till, at some merry number,
I wake, and shout : Evœe !

I seize my lyre—loud ringing,
It bounds beneath my fingers :
To frantic dances springing,
What heart so cold, it lingers ?
Toss, toss the vine-clad thyrses !
Wine fires ; extol the giver.
Shout, with a cry that pierces
The soul : Io forever !

ANAPÆSTIC.

I.

IN the silence of night, and in solemn array, by the
glimmer of torches, is wheeling,

Majestic, the funeral train, on its way, and its music
is plaintively stealing—

Is plaintively stealing, in echoes, afar, awaking
emotions of sorrow ;

It mourns, how the youth march to-day to the war,
but return to us never to-morrow.

Spear and buckler reversed, slow the army moves
on, its standards and banners low trailing :

Not a shout now is heard for the victory won ; all is
hushed, but the flute softly wailing.

Light and still glide their steps, and in unison all,
attuned to their solemn emotion ;

One faint hollow murmur is heard at each fall, like
the far echoed roar of the ocean.

Home, in urns, they are bearing the dust of the dead,
dark veils o'er each urn low depending—

How sacred the relics of those who have bled, for
hearth and for altar contending.

Not a trophy they rear, till they lay in the tomb, the
ashes that sleep there in glory—

Till their psalms are sung, and the words that illumine,
transmit their proud record to story.

So on through the streets of the city they move, and
the old and the young there attend them:
They meet them with greetings of sorrow and love—
fondly welcome the brave who defend them;
And they weep from their hearts, as each urn passes
by, a child or a parent enclosing:
As he left them, his patriot bosom beat high; now
in death he is darkly reposing.

II.

O! WAKEN the music of battle—
Let the clash of the cymbals ring loudly,
As the spears on the shields dash and rattle,
When onward the youth rushes proudly:
Let the horn and the trumpet, resounding
In long rolling echoes, inspire us,
Till our hearts, like the billow, are bounding,
And omens of victory fire us.

Hark the shout!—far its echo is rolling;
Eleleu! Eleleu! swells it onward:
Sword and shield clang in time, high controlling
Each hero, quick hurrying vanward.
On the foe moves in line, firm and steady,
To the soft breath of flutes slow advancing;
Drawn each sword, poised each spear, all are ready;
Bright the sun on their plumed helms is glancing.

To the charge ! like the rush of the ocean—
Like torrents, from mountain tops dashing
Down the gulf, where in mingled commotion,
Crag and wood 'mid the white flood are crashing.
Hark the shock !—shield on shield rings, rebounding ;
As a rock firmly set, they repel it.
On again, louder Eleleus sounding ;
Ours such fire, not the Spartan can quell it.

TROCHAIC.

I.

SOFTLY sweet the song is stealing, softly through
the night afar ;
Faint and low the bell is pealing ; dim, through haze,
the light of star :
Hushed and still is all around me ; cold and still my
brooding heart—
Sure some magic spell hath bound me—bid, O ! bid
the spell depart.
O ! that song, so softly breathing—how it flows into
my soul ;
Memory then her twine unwreathing, tears of young
emotion roll :

And, as far the knell is tolling, how my spirit floats
away,
Over years, like billows, rolling, to the scenes,
where youth was gay.

But the night, so hushed around me, and the sky,
so dim above,
In a lonely trance have bound me, trance of mingled
grief and love.
Still on early fondness dwelling, faded bloom of
vernal years ;
All I hear, the sigh faint swelling ; all I feel, my
trickling tears.

II.

MAIDS are sitting by the fountain ;
Bright the moon o'er yonder mountain :
O'er her shepherd watching lonely,
On his sleep she looketh only.
Softly whispering by the fountain,
Of they look unto the mountain,
Think how through the midnight hours,
There the shepherd sleeps on flowers.

Clear the fountain wave is gleaming ;
Still the happy youth is dreaming :

Chastest love is watching o'er him ;
Crouched his faithful dog before him.
Now the bubbling wave is sparkling ;
Now beneath a shadow darkling ;
O'er the moon a cloud is stealing ;
Passes now, her light revealing.

Night winds o'er the fountain blowing,
Like Eolian music flowing,
Far their warbled breath is gliding,
Swelling, trembling, then subsiding.
Of the shepherd on the mountain
Sing the maids beside the fountain :
Each then seems in air to hover,
Watching o'er her sleeping lover.

III.

SEE the bounding bark afloat !
Steady blows the willing gale :
Joy, with merry, merry note,
Hoists and spreads the purple sail.
Far away, O ! far away,
I must cross the dashing sea ;
So, my dearest, do not stay ;
Boldly cross the wave with me.

To the far Elysian isles,
Mid the ocean, in the west,
Where the sky forever smiles,
All the year one haleyon rest—
Shall we thither speed our flight ?
Only cross the wave with me,
I shall find, my love and light,
All Elysian with thee.

On the dark Cimmerian strand,
Where eternal shadows reign ;
Where Caucasian summits stand,
Towering o'er the untrodden plain ;
Where along the fatal shore,
Music hurls the soul to death ;
Wastes, that hear the lion's roar ;
Sands, where kills the dragon's breath :

Or in flowery gardens, where
Bends the lotus, passing sweet ;
Vales, where roses fill the air ;
Meads, where silent waters meet,
Lingering on through asphodel—
With thee, all alike would be :
If with me thou deign to dwell,
All Elysian smiles to me.

CLASSIC MELODIES.

PART II.

[In the present section, several varieties of ancient measures are attempted, in addition to those in the preceding. In the series of Dactylies, the effect of the different degrees of Catalexis is, if I mistake not, clearly evident; that on one syllable (as in the Hexameter II, and in the Pentameter and Tetrameter, here given,) leading to a more subdued or sustained expression; and that on two syllables (as in the Heroic Hexameter I,) to a higher and more energetic expression, peculiarly suited to the Epic; while the Acatalectic (complete) termination on three syllables gives a fuller expression, approaching the magniloquent, or a lighter movement, verging on levity. The Hypercatalectic termination of the Hexameter (IV,) which is really a Heptameter, Catalectic on one syllable, presents a very singular measure, as happy in its expression as it is difficult of execution. The Iambic Tetrameter Catalectic (I) is the "O! Miss Bailey" measure, so much a favourite in Roman poetry, as in the *Ερωτασι απροσπεπαισ* of Christopoulos. This is strikingly different, in its light tripping movement, from the corresponding Acatalectic verse (II,) which is always marked, more or less, by a slow and dignified or plaintive expression, similar to that of the Tragic Iambic (Part I.) The Choriambic, from the natural pause between the measures, has a bounding, but at the same time energetic movement, which may, by changing the pause to a slide, become subdued and flowing. But a continuous series of Choriambics has a monotonous effect, and doubtless for this reason they were usually accompanied with other feet, particularly as terminations. Thus the Choriambic (I) has an Iambic (Catalectic) termination, or its equivalent:

while the Choriambic Polyschematist consists of two members, each with an Iambic termination, (the first complete, the second Catalectic.) The Choriambic (II) is composed of a pure series of Choriambics, but is so arranged if I mistake not, as to give, in most instances, an easy slide from one measure to another, thus relieving the natural abruptness of the verse. The two specimens, under the head of Glyconic and Pherecratean, differ only in the distribution of the two varieties of verse combined; the latter specimen forming the verse called Priapeian, by the ancients. The specimen, marked Eupolidean and Cratinean, consists of a stanza of the former verse, followed by one of the latter; the two differing so little as to be readily combined in the same series. The Epionic (Polyschematist,) like the Choriambic Polyschematist, consists of two members, the last of which, as in the latter, is one syllable shorter than the first. The Asynartete verse is characterized by a change of movement in the middle of the line; the first member, in this instance, beginning with the accented (*arsis*;) the second, with an unaccented syllable (*thesis*.) An instance of such verse occurs in the first half of the stanza in Lay XII (p. 116,) where the lines are alternately Trochaic and Iambic. This verse corresponds to the succession of verses or strains in music, beginning alternately with full and broken measures, an instance of which occurs in the Barcarole in Masaniello. This alternation, both in poetry and music, produces an effect at once striking and pleasing. Several of the varieties of verse, here attempted, might form agreeable stanzas, even in our inflexible language, particularly if the hemistichs were written in distinct lines. This is more especially true of the Glyconic and Pherecratean, the Eupolidean and Cratinean, the Asynartete, and the two Polyschematists. All the specimens in the first part, and all thus far in the second, are rhymed, which undoubtedly relieves the ear not a little in adapting itself to measures so unusual, particularly to the longer lines, such as the Hexameters, and the Dipodial Tetrameters. A few specimens of unrhymed Horatian stanzas are also given in the pres-

ent section, viz. the Sapphic, Alcaic, and two Asclepiadian, corresponding respectively to those of the second, ninth, sixth and fifth odes of the first book. In all these, I have endeavoured to follow, as near as possible, the ancient quantity. The Sapphic consequently differs essentially in its rhythm, from that of the English accentual Sapphic. The Galliambic and the Saturnian verse I have adapted not inappropriately to Roman subjects. The former is immortalized in the *Atys* of Catullus, while in the latter we have a genuine Latin measure, in which not improbably the old ballads of early Rome were composed. This, too, is *Asynartete* in its structure; a fact perhaps connected with the similar movement in some of the popular airs of the Italians, above alluded to.]

DACTYLIC HEXAMETER.

I. HEROIC.

BARD of the bright Chian isle, from snow-crowned
 Olympus descending,
 Come to my spirit at night, thy own full ecstacy
 lending:
 Bear me away through thy world, still with youth's
 first energy glowing;
 Still with the great and the fair, in wide effusion
 o'erflowing.

Other creations may fade, to shapeless ruin de-
 caying:
 Over the world of thy song, youth's earliest dawn is
 still playing.

Long the tall turrets of Troy have perished, by centuries riven—

Still at thy bidding they rise, untouched and immortal, to heaven.

Still rise her sons in their might, dark plumes o'er their helmets wide waving—

Armed for their altars and homes, the god and the warrior braving.

Hector still burns in the fight, awhile the wild torrent controlling ;

Then, like the thunderer's, in wrath, the car of Achilles is rolling.

Ever new forms, at thy touch, to life and to beauty are starting—

Helen still wins with her smile ; Andromache trembles at parting—

Lone sits the hero apart, by the shore of the sea wide resounding ;

Light o'er the high purple wave, the fair-freighted vessel is bounding.

Still through the darkness of night, the grief-stricken monarch is stealing,

Falls at the feet of his foe, and melts him to tenderest feeling—

Nature! thy power is supreme, no proud-hearted
victor can sway thee ;
When thy soft whisper is heard, the strong and the
mighty obey thee.

II.

DEEP, 'mid the shades of night, I sink in silent repose;
Pressed by the soft touch of sleep, my lids on the
outer world close ;
But to the eye of my soul, a fairer vision unfolds,
'That, with a charm of delight, my spirit long won-
dering holds.

'There are the bright forms of youth, creations too
lovely to stay :
Ever they come in my dreams—I wake, and they
hasten away.
Over my pillow they hover, as clouds o'er the far
golden west,
When, in the soft-heaving wave, Day sinks to the
couch of his rest.

'There rise, in beauty, the shapes that gladdened in
earliest time,
Where spread the lily and rose, full bloomed, in
Ionia's clime :

Nymphs, too, of forest and grove, of fountain and
blue-rolling deep,
Still, with their dark-beaming eyes, fond watch o'er
the slumberer keep.

Still, from the high walls of heaven, the gods in
their glory descend ;
Still, to the bold-bearing youth, their power and
their spirit they lend ;
Still, o'er the dark-rolling clouds, triumphant they
ride in their cars ;
Still, from victorious death, the demigod mounts to
the stars.

Eldest and highest of bards ! thy song, with its mu-
sic divine,
Rolls through this magical world, my spirit has
raised for its shrine.
Still, as when first from thy lyre its tones in har-
mony stole,
Breathes, through the silence of night, its influence
deep in my soul.

III.

STILL, as in youth, ever green, the laurel of Homer
is flourishing ;
Life-giving streams bathe its roots, its wide-waving
foliage nourishing :

Light, from the ever bright throne, still over its summit is hovering,

Blossom and leaf, as they wave, still with heavenly radiance covering.

And, as I look to its sky-piercing summit, an eagle has taken me,

Bears me aloft, where the blasts from Olympus to keener life waken me.

Hail! to the herald, whose cloud-cleaving pinion from earth can deliver me—

Nothing below from the high train of bards and of heroes shall sever me.

IV.

HERALD of earliest dawn, at thy smile the blue waters are stirring again:

Wide the sea wakes from its sleep, as thy bright eye enkindles the sky and the main.

As the wind flutters thy locks, and plays with the folds of thy many-dyed veil,

Boldly we launch on the deep, and deck with thy purple the snow of our sail.

Earth then gives tokens of life, and again as a giant refreshed with repose,

Youthfully starts from its dreams, and its cheeks are all flushed with the bloom of the rose.

Phosphor leads on thy bright train, and waves his
clear torch, as the night steals away ;
Then come the light-footed hours, and with soft
hands unfold the fair portals of day :
Forth on thy rose-wreathen car, thou rollest 'mid
billows of saffron and gold ;
Loves, on their thin iris wings, the red-streaming
mists, as thy canopy, hold.
Gracefully ever at morn, thy car thus aloft o'er the
mountain is borne ;
And as thou comest, the woods ring aloud with the
clang of the welcoming horn.

DACTYLIC PENTAMETER.

SPIRIT of hope and of joy, who, in holiest day,
Dwellest 'mid ever bright flowers, from thy home
of delight,
Come to me still as a friend, 'mid the visions of
night—
Bear me, on pinions of love, to thy heaven away.
There where the fountains of life in the clear
morning play,
Bathing the blossoms around with their freshen-
ing dew,
Waking forever the rose, its sweet youth to renew,
Couched on the ever green grass, I would lingering
stay.

Blest with thy presence alone, I would ever remain,
Live on thy smile and thy song :—wouldst thou
ever be near,
Breathing the tones of thy heart, as a lute, in my
ear,
Never the cold realm of earth should possess me
again.
O! shall I never be free from this heart-crushing
chain?
Shall the fond dreams of my youth be around me
no more?
Shall there no bright morning dawn, to revive
and restore?
Fondly I look to thy aid—let me look not in vain!

DACTYLIC TETRAMETER.

Ever thou comest, at even and morn—
Comest, attended with flute and with horn :
Over the mountain, and over the hill,
Lightly and brightly thou hoverest still.
All the gay rites of thy worship are gone ;
All the bright train, that once graced thee, have
flown :
Not even the fauns with their whistles would stay :
They too have fled through the forests away :

But thou, enchantress, still ever art nigh—
Breathest, at even and dawn, from the sky.

Solily the west-wind now wafts thee along—
Wafts over meadow and valley thy song;
Then the wild songster is hushed at thy flight;
Silent he pauses, entranced in delight.
Naiads have vanished from fountain and stream;
Nymph of the forest has fled, like a dream;
Down in the depth of the blue-rolling deep,
Pillowed forever, the sea-maidens sleep:
Spirit of melody! still thou art nigh—
Breathest, at even and dawn, from the sky.

IAMBIC TETRAMETER.

I.

AURORA rises o'er the hills, by graceful hours at-
tended,
And in her train, a merry troop of bright-eyed loves
are blended.
Away they fly, o'er wood and wild—o'er lake and
winding river;
And as they fly, the kindling sky is glowing brighter
ever.

The world now wakes, and silence flies to cave of
lonely mountain :

The deer steal from their forest glades ; the birds
sing o'er the fountain :

The cottage smoke, o'er vale and plain, in many a
curl, is flowing ;

And guided by the tinkling bell, the herd afield is
going.

The level sunbeams touch the lake—its sheeted
wave is flashing ;

And brighter still, from eastward hill, the waterfall
is dashing :

The plashing wheel revolves below—a shower of
light is round it ;

Those orient hues, the drops diffuse, with mazy
circles bound it.

O ! gay the plastic dreams of old, the world their
touch created.

The poet's eye, with fervent gaze, still o'er it broods
unsated.

Fair forms still haunt the forest-wild, still dwell by
shady river :

Their loveliness shall never fade ; their bloom is
fresh forever.

II.

O! TURN not, dearest, on me so—I cannot bear that
grief of thine :

Thy sorrow stealeth to my heart—there silently it
feedeth mine.

The grief, I feel, I would subdue, and then would
wipe thy tears away ;

But while I see thee sorrowing so, this gloom
around my heart will stay.

O! let me only catch one smile, like morning's
glance from drop of dew :

O! let the soft light flow again, that once so filled
thy eye of blue :

O! tell me so, thy heart hath peace—like withered
flowers revived by rain,

Gay thoughts would open in my heart, and fond
emotions bloom again.

CHORIAMBIC.

I.

BEAR me afar over the wave, far to the sacred
islands,

Where ever bright blossoms the plain, where no
cloud hangs on the highlands—

There be my heart ever at rest, stirred by no wild
emotion :

There on the earth only repose, halcyon calm on
the ocean.

Lay me along, pillowed on flowers, where steals in
silence forever,

Over its sands, still 'as at noon, far the oblivious river.
Scarce through the grass whispers it by ; deep in
its wave you may number

Pebble and shell, and image of flower, folded and
bent in slumber.

Spirit of life ! rather aloft, where on the crest of
the mountain,

Clear blow the winds, fresh from the north, sparkles
and dashes the fountain,

Lead me along, hot in the chase, still mid the storm
high glowing—

Only we live—only, when life, like the wild torrent,
is flowing.

II.

WHEN the blue wave sinks on the sea, and the still
night hushes the deep,

Ever my soul hastens to thee, ever thy smile blesses
my sleep.

Then a few hours, blest, thou art nigh ; then, too,
as once, thou art my own :
But when the dawn kindles the sky, sadly I wake
—far thou hast flown.

Canst thou not take me in thy flight, when with the
dawn thou art no more ?
Fairer thou seemest, spirit of heaven, though thou
didst seem fairest before.
Now thou art gone, earth all is dark—O ! wilt thou
ne'er bear me away ?
Here only night deadens my soul—yonder alone,
yonder is day !

CHORIAMBIC POLYSCHEMATIST.

Come to the dance ! awake ! awake ! bound with
the music lightly !
Evening is falling on the lake—flashes the mirror
brightly.
Come, where the elm is arching high, bent with
its purple treasure :
Bid to the toil of day good-bye—yield to the call
of pleasure !

Come to the dance, ye maidens fair ! gaily the song
invites you :

Joy with his golden lamp is there—on to the ring
he lights you.

Circle around the festive tree ! then, as the music
wakes you,

Trip to its measures, light and free—flit, where in
sport it takes you !

Haste to the dance, away, away ! viol and lute
attend you :

Evening winds, as with flowers they play, sweets
from the rose-buds send you.

Haste to the dance ! the music calls—haste to the
smile of lover !

Soon the chilly night-dew falls—then must the
dance be over.

GLYCONIC AND PHERECRATEAN.

I.

HARK ! the echo of shout and song—
See the bacchanals troop along !

Loud the cymbals are sounding.
Then, as wildly they onward pour,
Swells the drum, with its hollow roar,
Deep from cavern rebounding.

Quick the graces, with timid flight,
Far retire to the forest-night,

Scared, as the din is pealing.
Gentle nymphs to the thicket fly,
Wait till the tumult has hurried by,
Racked each tenderer feeling.

Such the tumult and din of life ;
So it rushes, in storm and strife ;
Flies the ideal before it ;
And as its discord rolls along,
Still is the gentle voice of song ;
Only can peace restore it.

II.

BRIGHT ascends the festal dawn ; bright the temple
is flashing :

Wide a nation is rolling on ; spear and armour are
clashing.

Garlands circle each helmet there, high on standard
are glancing ;

Shouts are filling the vernal air ; gaily the youth
are dancing.

So they haste to the sacred games—wild each
bosom is beating :
Victory high each soul inflames—loud the cham-
pion's greeting.
Swift flies the race of car and steed—far sweeps
the dust to heaven :
Glorious shines the conqueror's meed, when by a
nation given.

EUPOLIDEAN AND CRATINEAN.

When the spring has wakened the flowers, and the
day is warm and still ;
When the rose has woven its bowers—be my haunt
the sunny hill.
Then as breathes the whispering air, o'er my head
the cloudless sky,
Dreams from heaven visit me there—holy visions
pass me by.

Silently sleep the woods around ; mute the sheeted
river flows ;
Hushed, as in death, the world of sound ; voiceless,
too, the zephyr blows :

But to my heart a music steals, faint at first, then
full and clear ;
Deep in my soul, from heaven it peals—borne as
from some celestial sphere.

EPIONIC.

WHAT joy at even to hear thee, sweet voice of tenderest love !
How blest, alone to be near thee, thou soft and
sorrowing dove !
Thou seemest all sad and forsaken ; thy song dies
sobbing away :
But yet, as I hear thee, I waken ; thou singest of
love and of May.

And oft in summer thou sittest, concealed in shadowy pine,
Or where, in loneliest valley, the tangled cedars
entwine.
Beneath their shadow reposing, in dim mysterious
light,
I hear thy song, at its closing, like voice of spirit
at night.

'Tis ever pleasant to hear thee—I always welcome
thy song ;
For gentle the feelings thou wakest—the heart can
indulge them long.
A strain of livelier measure may rouse and quicken
its play ;
But short and fleeting the pleasure—the gentle only
can stay.

ASYNARTETE.

MERRILY, merrily rings the joyous shout of harvest-
home :
Merrily, merrily springs the homeward bark through
dashing foam.
Gaily the villagers leap, as red and ripe the vintage
flows :
Lightly and brightly they sweep, the glancing
swords, as the conflict glows.

Bursts, in its fullness, the heart, in laugh and shout,
in festive song ;
So when the labour is done—so when toil strives
along.
Hope cheers the combatant on ; in pride and joy
the victor sings :
Crows, 'mid the fight, the cock—conqueror then
claps his wings.

GALLIAMBIC.

THE clouds roll from the mountains ; the storm
sweeps o'er the plain ;

And the boldest shrink in terror ; the proudest
shake with fear.

The scared soldiers are flying, 'mid hail and dash-
ing rain ;

And the ground thickly is covered with scattered
shield and spear.

With loud burst, as of thunder, 'mid a wide whirl-
wind of fire,

From the high heaven, in glory, descends the
god of war.

The fearless hero, exulting, beholds his warrior sire :

And he mounts, joyous, beside him, the bright
triumphal car.

Aloft sweeps it to heaven, and the white steeds, as
they fly

Over clouds, rolling like surges, are dashing the
lightnings around.

The eye in vain can follow their quick flight through
the sky ;

From mountain far to mountain, they leap at
every bound.

Weep not your king, ye Romans! for he now is a
god above.

Late, when alone, I saw him, and he rose like a
tower of light.

Lofty and stern, he met me : he seemed like a son
of Jove.

Far through the darkness glittered his armour,
intensely bright.

“Go now, and tell my people”—he spake in solemn
tone ;

And as I heard, I trembled, and listened with ho-
liest awe—

“I am their guardian genius—I dwell by the high-
est throne :

Bid them be wise and temperate, and reverent to
faith and law !”

SATURNIAN.

A shout—a shout for Cocles, brave among the
bravest !

For he the bridge defended, and fearless swam the
river.

A wreath for noble Cocles—a civic wreath forever !
He saved our sacred city—glory crown the hero !

A shout—a shout for Cocles! Tell the gallant
story,

O! tell it to your children, and they shall tell it
farther.

On the bridge he fronted all Porsenna's army :
Spear and arrow round him flew—alone he braved
them.

A shout—a shout for Cocles! Now the bridge is
broken,

And see! he plunges headlong in the foaming river.
He stems the flood undaunted; his joyous friends
embrace him—

He has saved our city—twine the wreath around
him!

SAPPHIC.

Soft he sleeps, where floweth the winding river :
Winds blow light; they dare not awake the sleeper—
One so young and lovely, so full of beauty.
Grandeur and glory.

Soft he sleeps, a child on his cross reposing—
Smiles in peace, unknowing of future sorrows ;
Bright and pure, as spirit of life—as rose-bud,
Fresh in his beauty.

Yet that look reveals, in its pensive sweetness,
Deep and holy love, that will after lead him
Forth to heal and save, and to higher being
Kindly allure us.

Now that cross the couch, where he sweetly slum-
bers:

When his deeds of love have alarmed and mad-
dened,

On that cross, in death, he shall yield his spirit
Back to its heaven.

ALCAIC.

To arms! to arms! the trumpet is summoning.

What heart is cold, when glory awakens us!

When youth, for hearth and shrine contending,
Rush to the shock, and in death are happy!

A holy feeling stirs, as the signal sounds.

To die for home, how high and how glorious!

The recreant only hears and trembles.

Give me my sword—I will haste and meet them.

Raise high the song—the foe is discomfited!

Our sacred soil untouched and unsullied!

With laurel wreathed, by loved ones greeted,
Proudly we move, as the pæan echoes.

ASCLEPIADIAN.

I.

Not for wealth or for power, conquest or victory—
Not for shout and applause, honour and dignity,
Speeds my soul to the strife ; higher and holier
Is the feeling that wakens me.

Duty calls me to yield life and its happiness,
Calls me to part from friend, part from a dearer
one—

Duty calls, and I know, honours immortal wait,
Even when earth has forgotten me.

So I rush to the strife—rush where the bravest
yield.

They only look to renown ; mightier impulses
Bear me on, as with wings—on, till, victorious,
Death I greet as the foe retires.

II.

When the rose is in bloom, violets opening,
Fresh and dewy, their leaves, let me, in early morn,
Wake the slumbering echoes,
Till the mountains have caught the sound :

Till from loftiest height, deep to the winding dell,
Cave and forest repeat, vocal, my minstrelsy,
As if dryad were greeting
Sweetly the tones of my alpine horn.

Or when twilight grows dim, far in the rosy west,
And o'er green wood and crag, sparkles the evening
star,
Let me hear, in the distance,
Faintly the voice of the vesper hymn.

Where the lake spreads its wave, clear to the
rising moon,
O'er the water it steals, whispers along the shores,
As if song of Undine
Rose from her hall in the deep below.

SONGS FOR NATIONAL AIRS.

[The following songs have been written to accompany different National Airs, and compose but a small part of an extended series. The verse has been formed in all, except those adapted to the German airs, on the rhythm of the music, not exactly note for note, but so as to give a corresponding flow and expression. In the German series, the verse of the original German songs has been followed, with a few slight deviations, in most instances, to suit more exactly the rhythm of the airs. The Norwegian airs are taken from Derwent Conway's *Journey through Norway*, &c. The German series is taken from an old German Convivial Song-Book (*Taschenbuch für Freunde der Freude.*) The airs of the first ten were composed by J. A. P. Schultz; those of the remaining eight, by J. F. Reichardt. The mottos prefixed indicate the original songs and their authors. The Russian specimens are from a small collection of Russian popular airs accompanying Gütze's *Collection of Russian Popular Poetry* (*Stimmen des Russischen Volks in Liedern*;) the Bohemian, from an extensive series of popular airs accompanying the *Collection of Bohemian Popular Poetry* by Ritter von Rittersberg (*Ceske Narodnj Pjesnic*;) the Gaelic, from a small collection of genuine Gaelic airs, in Logan's *Scottish Gael*: and the Welsh, except the *Rising of the Lark*, from a collection of old Welsh tunes in E. Jones's *Bardic Museum*. It is hardly necessary to remark that the poetry is, in most instances, adapted to the national or particular character of the air or song which it was intended to accompany.]

NORWEGIAN.

I. "National Air."

YE sons of sires, who fought and bled
For liberty and glory,
Whose fame shall ever wider spread
Till Time is bent and hoary—
Awake to meet the invading foe!
Rouse at the call of danger!
Beat down again his standard low,
And backward hurl the stranger!

They knew no fear, those sires of old—
'Mid swords and bayonets clashing,
Still high they bore their banner's fold,
Its stars, like lightnings, flashing.
Be like those sires!—With freeborn might,
Renew the deeds of story!
Who lives, shall win a wreath of light—
Who falls, shall sleep in glory!

II. "Mountain Air."

Sons of the chase, awake!
Haste, see the morning break!
Wake to the horn!

Ere fades the morning star,
 Echoes, 'round crag and scar,
 Proudly its blast afar—
 Far rings the horn!

Hark to the bay of hound,
 'Tossed from the mountains 'round!
 Hark to the horn!
 Mount—mount, and hark-away!
 Bright dawns the glorious day—
 Soon we've the stag at bay—
 Loud wind the horn!

GERMAN.

I. THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY.

Es giebt der Plätzchen überall.—STOLLBERG.

THERE is no land, so fair and bright,
 As this, where first I drew the light:
 There is no land, so dear to me,
 As this, that bears the strong and free,
 The cradle home of liberty!
 Here blooms a sweeter flower,
 Than aught in orient bower.

The flower of freedom, fair and bright,
Here spreads its leaves of roseate light.
Yes, freedom's flower here, fair and bright,
Unfolds its leaves of roseate light !

Though far around the world I roam,
My heart still lingers for its home ;
And even where spring forever dwells,
Each flower, I meet, but only tells
Of that, for which my bosom swells.

The flower that graces free

Thy temple, Liberty !

Though far away my steps may roam,
That flower still wins me back to home.
Yes, far away my steps may roam,
That flower still wins me back to home !

II. THE CHAIN OF LOVE.

Wir trinken, kühl umschattet—Voss.

O ! THERE are links, that bind us,
Of magic power—
The links, that softly twined us
In Eden's hour.

Joy wreaths his flowers around them,
And love with silk has bound them.
O! there's a charm, no tongue can tell;
But still the heart, with hidden swell,
Can speak it well!

That chain—the freeman wears it,
With generous pride :—
That chain—the hero bears it,
With haughty stride.
Yes, lion hearts receive it,
As fairy fingers weave it.
Subdued by love, they still can dare
The battle field, and fearless there
Its dangers share!

III. THE PATRIOT.

Dass nie ein Land zu keiner Zeit—BAGGESEN.

Who loves his country, firm will stand
To meet the fierce invader;
Will lift his sword, with earnest hand,
To aid her.
He knows no fear, when danger calls
The patriot to his country's walls:

When danger forth the patriot calls,
Fearless he fights, and willing falls.

So stood our fathers, side by side,
In freedom's cause victorious,
When back recoiled the invading tide,
Inglorious.

And when our country calls again,
O! be her voice not heard in vain:
When loud our country calls again,
Our home shall be the tented plain!

IV. WEALTH OF SOUL.

Freund, ich achte nicht des Mahles—Voss.

Nor for gold, and not for splendour;
Not for crown or throne—
No—never will my soul surrender
What it holds its own.
They may dote on piles of treasure—
They may swim in streams of pleasure—
Poor their gain!
Poor their gain!
Poor, ah! poor beyond all measure!
Vain, O! vain!
Only slavery's chain.

Not for all that wealth can offer,
 Would I check my soul—
 No—not for regal bounty, suffer
 Slavery's base control.
 Ever in my own dominion,
 I would mount on eagle's pinion,
 Free as light!
 Free as light!
 Far above the tyrant's minion,
 Wing my flight,
 Nerved with strong delight.

V. THE FESTIVE EVENING.

Friert der Pol mit kaltem Schimmer—Voss.

CHEERFUL glows the festive chamber ;
 In the circle pleasure smiles :
 Mounts the flame, like wreaths of amber ;
 Bright as love, its warmth beguiles.
 Glad the heart with joy is lighted ;
 Hand with hand, in faith, is plighted,
 As around the goblet flows.
 Fill—fill—fill, and quaff the liquid rose !
 Bright it glows—
 O! how bright the bosom glows.

Pure as light, our social meeting :
Here no passion dares invade.
Joys we know, not light and fleeting :
Flowers we twine, that never fade.
Ours are links, not time can sever :
Brighter still they glow forever—
Glow in yon eternal day.
No—no—no, ye will not pass away—
Ye will stay—
Social joys, forever stay !

VI. OUR COUNTRY.

Bekränzt mit Laub den lieben vollen Becher—CLAUDIUS.

THE vine may glow, with purple clusters bending,
Where proudly flows the Rhine,
Or richer pomp to classic ruins lending,
Round tower and temple twine.

We need no vine, our country's hills to brighten :
We need no boasted wine.
Be ours the sails, that o'er the ocean whiten,
Around the masted pine.

Be ours the nerry hands that spread and furl them,
With gallant hearts to dare—
Ours freedom's bolts, with sinewy arms to hurl
them,
When threatening comes the war.

Mild as the morn, in peace, our starry splendour
Afar shall light the main.
That flag may perish—never shall surrender
To boastful pride again !

VII. WASHINGTON.

Füllt an die Gläser, füllt bis oben—Voss.

FILL—fill your glasses—brim them over !
We drink a health of high renown !
No patriot brow shall glory ever
With brighter wreaths of honour crown !
Our country's Sire!—with fond emotion,
With firm resolve, and deep devotion,
Around our Union's altar flame,
Here we invoke his sacred name !

That name shall be our watchword ever,
When danger threatens, or foe is nigh.

Curst be the hand that dare dissever
The holy bond, we prize so high.
Do thou, blest shade! this union cherish.
Thy memory here shall never perish—
Long as thy deeds shall here remain,
O! bind us in thy golden chain.

VIII. LIBERTY.

Im Hüt der Freyheit stimmet an—

BENEATH our country's flag we stand,
And give our hearts to thee,
Bright power, who steel'st and nerv'st our hand,
Thou first born, Liberty!
Here, on our swords we swear to give
Our willing lives, that thou may'st live!

For thee, the Spartan youth of old,
To death devoted, fell!
Thy spirit made the Roman bold,
And fired the patriot Tell!
Our sires, on Bunker, fought for thee—
Undaunted fought, and we are free!

Run up our starry flag on high!
No storm shall rend its folds.

On, like a meteor, through the sky,
Its steady course it holds.
Thus high in heaven our flag unfurled—
Go, bear it, Freedom, round the world!

IX. THE BANQUET.

Dem Kindelein, das geboren ward—STOLLBERG.

Loud rings the golden cup of joy,
Amid the banquet halls,
And manhood, light as sportful boy,
For mirth and music calls.
Give loose to pleasure! send it free!
O! send it free,
To roam in wildest liberty.

CHORUS.

Our hearts are free!
They mount in wildest liberty!

As bird on pinion swift and strong,
In airy flight we play,
And as a bird's, our festive song,
Full echoing, floats away.

Joy crowns the banquet! We are free!

O! we are free;

But pure and high our liberty!

CHORUS.

Yes, we are free;

But pure and high our liberty!

X. SPRING.

Der Frühling ist gekommen—STOLLBERG.

THE spring—the spring is coming;

The birds are merrily singing—

The spring—the spring is coming;

We hear the nightingale—

In shade of rose, at evening,

We hear the nightingale.

The yellow buds are breaking;

The flowers in meadow are blowing;

And gentle winds are playing

Along the grassy vale,

Around the airy mountain,

And down the grassy vale.

The spring—the spring is with us,

And light the swallow is flitting—

The spring—the spring is with us—
It brings the nightingale—
In cool of shady evening,
It brings the nightingale.

XI. THE SEASONS.

Der Herbst beginnt—SCHULZ.

THE Spring is gone,
And, one by one,
The blossoms are withered and faded :
The Summer, too,
Is almost through,
And thinner the fountain is shaded.
Come, Autumn, come !
Thou lead'st me home :
The birds of the Summer are flying.
Thou wilt not stay,
But steal'st away,
And Winter behind thee is sighing.

The stars are bright,
This winter night :
The lake is merrily ringing.
The skater there,
To the frosty air,
His open bosom is flinging.

But Spring again
Shall wake the plain,
And showers the blossoms sprinkle.
As through the vale
Light blows the gale,
'The lake shall curl and crinkle.

And Summer, thou,
With dripping brow,
Shalt plunge in the shady river,
When golden day
Is on his way,
And field and meadow quiver.
But, Autumn, come !
I welcome home
Fallen leaves and faded flowers.
Thy sky is blue,
And soft as dew,
Thy still and gentle hours.

XII. THE BOATMEN OF THE RHINE.

Ein Leben, wie im Paradies—HELVET.

A joyous life, like Paradise,
We lead along the Rhine,
From where it springs 'mid glacier ice,
To where it meets the brine.

By mountain farm, and moated tower,
By ancient town, we glide :
By vine-clad hill, and fabled bower,
By castled rock, we ride.

'Mid Alpine song, we float along ;
Through field and meadow stray :
Where glows the vine, in purple twine,
We win our easy way.
We left the free, brave Tell, with thee,
Their earliest rights to keep :
Now through a realm, that once was free,
We hasten to the deep.

XIII. FESTIVITY.

Fröhlich tönt der Becherklang—STOLLBERG.

Joyous rings the goblet's chime,
In our merry meeting ;
And our cheerful hearts keep time,
As the hours are fleeting.
Wake the echoes round us !
Friendship's chain has bound us !
Only love can wound us !
Fill your glasses—fill them o'er !
Drink, and care shall vex no more !

Joy ascends on purple wings—
Golden clouds around him :
Lightly to the wind he flings .
Every chain that bound him.
From his heaven descending,
See him o'er us bending,
Brightest influence lending !
Fill your glasses—fill them high !
Quick as light, the minutes fly.

XIV. YOUTH.

Rosen auf den Weg gestreut—HÆLTY.

ROSES strowed along my way—
Round me songs of gladness—
On I speed in youthful play ;
Mine nor care nor sadness.
By me pleasure trips along,
Maid with eye bright glancing ;
Round the woods repeat her song,
As their leaves are dancing.

Gaily thus we trip it on,
Frolic youth and pleasure,
Gaily, as the moments run
By, in lightest measure.

While the spring of life is new,
Fresh its roses blowing,
So its early joys pursue—
Quick the stream is flowing.

XV. THE VINTAGE.

Bekränzet die Tonnen—HELVY.

THE vines are deep blushing ;
The vintage is nigh ;
And plenty is gushing,
In showers, from the sky.
Bright spirits are fleeting,
On white clouds, along ;
And glad hearts are greeting
Their presence with song.

The youth and the maiden
Now haste to the vine ;
The choicest of clusters
They gracefully twine :
With music and dances,
They bear them away—
Their toil is but pastime ;
Their labour is play.

O'er hill, and o'er valley,
Is calm and repose ;
The voice of the fountain
Is hushed as it flows ;
The lake, too, is sleeping,
Unruffled its breast :
All nature is keeping
A sabbath of rest.

The vintage is gathered ;
The harvest is in ;
The fruitage of autumn
Is piled in its bin :
The swallows are flitting
To sunnier shore ;
We care not for winter—
We've plenty in store.

XVI. SPRING.

Freude jubelt ; Liebe waltet—MATTHISSON.

MIRTH is shouting—joy is singing,
Far o'er hill, o'er vale and plain !
Love his merry flight is winging
Through the flowery groves again.

Even the secret forest feeleth,
Trembling deep, his magic power.
Round the hill, at evening, stealeth
Music, gentle as the hour.

Spring is with us—flowers are blowing ;
Round their leaves the west wind plays :
As afar their breath is flowing,
To their couch he hastes, and stays.
Every sound, that nature utters,
Blends in harmony with all—
Bee that hums, and leaf that flutters,
Whispering wind, and waterfall.

XVII. EVENING.

Phöbus eilet, nach der Reise—KÖPFEN.

EVENING o'er the vales descending,
Fresh the wind from mountain blows ;
And the stars, their influence lending,
Win the labourer to repose.
Night resumes her silent reign—
Shadowy coolness soothes again !

CHORUS.

Blessings on her gentle reign !
Coolness soothes our hearts again.

Dimly o'er the mountain fading,
Sunset glories die away.
Night, each hue of beauty shading,
Robes the earth in dun array.
But she brings us still repose—
Soft our wearied eyelids close!

CHORUS.

Grateful is her still repose—
Pressed by sleep, our eyelids close!

XVIII. HOPE.

Hoffnung, Hoffnung, immer grün—HERDER.

HOPE! thou art my only friend—
When the light, that shone around me,
All has fled, and grief has bound me,
Though not love his influence lend,
Thou, O! Hope, art still my friend.

All the flowers of life may wither,
Friend and lover, glory, gold—
All may fly, we know not whither,
But thy arms shall still enfold.

Hope! thou ever art my friend—
Though my dearest joys should leave me,
Fate of all I loved bereave me,
Thou a cheering light wilt send,
Still, O! Hope, my only friend.

All that wins the heart is fleeting;
Ere 'tis known, it flits away,
Ever from our grasp retreating—
Thou, O! Hope, alone wilt stay.

RUSSIAN.

I. THE BATTLE CALL.

Ach ty pole, moe pole czistoe—

Ah! thou plain, my open plain—

LOUD rings the battle trumpet,
Far resounding, far swelling!
Rouse, heroes, rouse to the conflict!
See, yonder the dark foe
Sweeps, like a winter storm!

On speeds the fierce invader,
Wild as ocean high heaving!
Strong nerve ye, boldly to meet him!
Back hurl him, as dashed wave
Rolls from the rock-bound shore!

Earth far has shook beneath him,
All invading, all subduing!
Yet fear not—country is sacred!
Who arms for his loved home,
Fights with the sword of heaven!

II.

Wspomni, wspomni, moy liubeznoy,
Moiu prez'niuju liubov—

Think, O! think, beloved,
Of my early love—

THINK, O! think, how much thou lov'dst me,
When my cheek was fresh and fair.
Do not coldly now forget me,
Though its bloom has gone!

Think how oft we sat together!
Happy were our moments then.
Then my eye was bright with pleasure—
Now 'tis dimmed with tears.

Like a rose, was then my beauty,
Rose that opens first in spring.
Then my charms could more allure thee—
I could love not more..

Leave, O! leave me not forsaken—
 I will love thee ever true.
 Pale my cheek, and sorrow-stricken—
 Love still lights my soul.

III. THE WILLOW.

Iwuszka, iwuszka zelenaia moia—

Willow, my green willow—

BRIGHT flows the meadow stream, and o'er it bends
 the willow—

There sat the maid I love, and wove her flowers in
 garlands :

There sits no gentle maid—O! canst thou tell me,
 willow,

Where I can find the maid, that sat at evening by
 thee ?

Light on the meadow stream, there floats a rosy
 garland—

Fair maiden wove the flowers, and dropped them in
 the water.

“Go, garland,” thus she said, “and whisper to my
 lover :

True ever is thy love—her heart will ne'er forget
 thee.”

Low droops the willow-tree—its leaf is pale and
yellow :

There flows no meadow stream—the summer sun
has dried it.

Brown all the grass below—no maiden gathers
flowers ;

Sits there no more at eve, to weave her flowers in
garlands.

See! on the pebbles lies a soiled and withered
garland—

Such is my withered heart, and so my hope has faded.
False maiden wove the flowers, and cast them in
the water—

Soon dried the stream away, and withered lay the
garland.

BOHEMIAN.

I. BIRD OF THE MOUNTAIN.

Lasstowiczka ljeta, ljeta,
Powjda z'e swjta—

The swallow is flying, is flying;
He tells me, it dawns—

BIRD of the mountain, sweetly thou singest—

O! sweet thy song!

Over the fountain, high in the branches,

Thou sitt'st alone.

There oft, at evening, I linger to hear thee :—
Bird of the mountain, sweetly thou singest—
O ! sweet thy song !

Bird of the mountain, why art thou ever
So sad and lone !

Only I hear thee breaking the silence,
So deep around.

Art thou the spirit of heart-broken maiden ?—
Bird of the mountain, why art thou ever
So sad and lone !

II. THE BIRD THAT HAS LOST ITS YOUNG.

Wy panenky sedlsky, ge was tu gen dwanact—

Why so sadly sing'st thou ?
Hast thou lost thy loved one ?
Why art thou so lonely,
'Mid the woods afar ?
"They have stolen all my young ones—
That is why so sad my song !"

Cease thy song of sorrow !
Spring is all around thee—
Other loves may bless thee—

Break not so thy heart!

“They have stolen all my loved ones—
Other loves I cannot know!”

III. DUSHKA.*

Prawda a z'adna lez'—

1.

DUSHKA, fairest of maidens!

Long have I sought for thy love.

Long have I courted thee;

Long have I lingered;

Yet not a smile have I won.

Still thou art dear to me—

Ever art dear to me;

* The two songs, under this head, were written to accompany the same air, as differently modified in its time. The original time of the air is triple (3-4.) with a syncopated note (a pointed fourth) in the middle of the first measure. The second song, not including the words in brackets, is adapted to this time: including the words in brackets, it is adapted to a triple time, in which the first measure is resolved into a uniform series of eighths. This last modification has a much slower movement than the preceding, the absolute time of which is determined by the syncopated note in the first measure. The movement of the verse is determined, the other lines remaining the same, by the varying length of the first line; quicker when that is shorter, and slower when that is longer, that an equilibrium of time may be preserved throughout. The first song is adapted to the same air, in 6-8 time; moving by triplets, as the second by couplets of syllables.

Ever till death I am thine.
Dushka, fairest of maidens!
Give me, O! give me thy love.

Dushka, fairest of maidens!
Turn not so coldly away.
Thou wilt remember me,
When they have left thee,
When all the faithless are gone.
Then thou wilt think of me,
Fondly wilt think of me,
Know I am faithful and true.
Dushka, fairest of maidens!
Yield me, O! yield me thy heart.

2.

DUSHKA, fairest [dearest] maiden!
Thou art still my only love.
When the early blossom
Of thy beauty fades,
Thou wilt find me ever true.
Other youths may leave thee,
When thy roses wither;
Still my heart is ever thine.
Dushka, fairest [dearest] maiden!
Thou art still my only love.

Dushka, fairest [dearest] maiden !
'Thou wilt ever be my love.
Not, like bird of summer,
Do I flit away ;
Even in winter I remain.
I will never leave thee,
Though the storm be rising ;
'Then I'll press thee to my heart.
Dushka, fairest [dearest] maiden !
'Thou wilt ever be my love.

GAELIC.

I. HOMEWARD BOUND.

Air—"An Iorram Fhìr a Bhàta."—(The Song of the Boatmen.)

O'ER the foaming sea,
Far the ship hastens
To the green island,
Where my love dwells.
There we meet, love ;
Never part more,
Till our eyes close
In their last sleep.

Bear me swiftly on,
Fresh and fair breezes,
O'er the blue ocean—
Fill my white sail!
For my heart longs
For its dear home—
Longs to meet her,
Whom my youth loved.

Yonder rises dim,
O'er the dark waters,
Far the green island,
I have sought long.
Speed thee, swift bark,
As a dart flies!
Soon my loved shore
I shall greet again.

II. THE TRYST.

Air—"Rìghil Thulaichean."—(Tulloch Reel.)

O! come, lassie, come and meet me!
Come, lassie, to the hazel!
There, lassie, thou hast trysted,
At the gloamin' hour to meet me.

We will sit beneath its shadow,
As the gloamin' light is fading,
And the mist, along the meadow,
All its dewy flowers is shading.
We will sit, and talk together—
'Tell how much we love each other ;
As the lambs among the heather,
Gentle aye to one another—
With a kiss of love and kindness,
'Then we'll part, to meet again.
O ! come, lassie, come and meet me !
Come, lassie, to the hazel !
'There, lassie, thou hast trysted,
At the gloamin' hour to meet me.

O ! come, lassie, come and meet me !
Come, when the lambs 'are faulding—
Come to the hazel, lassie !
I'll be early there to meet thee.
'Thou wilt na' distrust thy laddie—
'Truthful aye he's been unto thee :
He has ever loe'd thee, lassie—
He will ever dearly loe thee.
Now the heather bells are swinging,
And the gowany turf is glowing,
Bright the saugh, and gay the rowan,
Red the rose, and green the rashes,

Meet me, lassie, by the hazel—
Meet me by the mountain burn!
O! come, lassie, come and meet me!
Come, when the lambs are faulding—
Come to the hazel, lassie!—
I'll be early there to meet thee.

III. THE LOVER'S LAMENT.

Air—"Cuilfhionn."—(The Holly.)

O! CLOSED the eye, that beamed so kindly,
Mild as the morn, when it first uncloses—
O! pale the lip, that smiled so fondly,
Pure, in its hue, as the dewy rose.
O! like the rose, that lip has faded;
Cold in the grave thy form reposes;
Dark—dark as night, my soul is shaded;
Full as the fountain, my heart now flows.

Long shall I think of the hours, when I sat with thee,
Under the shade of the trysting tree, at silent
 gloaming;
Long shall I dwell on the scenes I have viewed
 with thee;
But I shall see thee no more again.

Yet shall I never forget how I strayed with thee,
Over the hills, in the sunny noon of April, roaming;
Never forget how in childhood I played with thee,
Hours, that, like thee, were without a stain.

IV. CLAN DONNAL'S GATHERING.

A Pibroch.

Air—"Cogadh na Sith."—(War or Peace.)

Up, Clan Donnal!

Wild rings the pibroch through glen and through
valley;

Loud peals the slogan, that calls you to war!

Haste!—Donnal's bold warriors on yonder hill rally;
High blaze the bale-fires o'er heath and o'er moun-
tain;

And broad waves the standard, and streams afar.

Up, Clan Donnal!

Gird on the broad-sword, and on with the tartan!

Haste, where the pipes shrilly waken the echoes,
For there is the gathering of Donnal to-day!

Up, Clan Donnal!

Haste ye from lake, and from glen, and from moun-
tain,

From forest and heath, from the well and the
fountain,

And rush ye, like eagles who sweep to their quarry,
Or sons of the mountain, abroad on their foray,
Nor think of aught else, but the loved ones behind
 you,
Who faithful defenders, in battle, shall find you—
 So up, and away!

Up, Clan Donnal!
Haste to the gathering, as hounds in the morning
 Speed where the horn rings o'er heath and o'er
 hill!
Haste!—Clansmen should spring as the pipes give
 their warning—
Dash from their heights, like a flood from its
 fountain,
When swelled by the burst of a cloud to its fill.
Up, Clan Donnal!

Trusty and faithful we ever have known you—
Fearless and true were your fathers before you—
Long may their pride and their glory remain!

Up, Clan Donnal!
On through the torrent, and on through the river,
And on up the steep where the mountain sides
 shiver,
For spirits of heroes are hovering o'er you,
And yonder the Saxon invader before you—

On, from your soil with your good claymores sweep
 them,
 And high at the foot of your Grampians heap
 them—
 So up, and away!

WELSH.

I.*

Air—"Blaau yr Gogledd,"—(The Flower of the North.)

I. THE SONG OF HEROES.

Of Hoel, high and glorious, raise the psalm,
 Bards, with hoary hair, like streaming meteor!
 Strike the harp, in martial symphony!
 Close the strain in sadness!
 The deeds of other days, worthy heroes,
 Bright as holy heaven, fair as vernal flowers,
 Strong as mountain wolves, lions too in fight,
 Mild as April showers, in their peaceful days,
 Ruling righteously, conquering nobly—
 Such, alas! are seen no more.

* The air in this instance is in quadruple time (4-4). The first of the songs accompanying it, is written with a syllable to each note of the music. The second is written in the regular metrical rhythm of the air, with only one syllable to each eighth of time, but with a repeat of the first four lines. By reading in the second line of the first piece, "like meteor, streaming wide"—in the fifth line, "the deeds of days departed"—and in the eleventh line, "No more shall arm of hero"—the rhythm of the verse becomes that of declamation.

No more shall hero's arm wield the falchion,
High-born Hoel bore to victory.
Rust has dimmed it ; time has tarnished it—
Breathe us tones of sorrow !

2.

ALOFT resounds Llewellyn's horn ;
Sharp rings its blast, like note of scorn ;
From Snowdon's peaks it rolls at morn,
O'er Gwynedd proudly swelling.
Its echoes bound from crag and scar,
And borne by mountain winds afar,
'They call the Cambrian youth to war—
The Saxon's death-peal knelling.

Like lightning's flash on lake or stream,
'The sword of Rhydderch darts its gleam.
None, but its own unconquered lord,
Can bear in fight that magic sword.
Who else dares draw it from its sheath,
Finds in its wasting flame his death.
In Rhydderch's strong right hand, it waves,
A meteor, o'er yon Saxon slaves.
Such Rhydderch's sword, Llewellyn's horn,
Far flashing, proudly swelling.

II. THE BARD'S SONG.

Air—"Y Bardd yn ei Awen."—(The Bard in his Inspiration.)

HARK ! yonder swells a music,
Full, yet distant ; as from heaven,
Flows it through the air.
Bards ! wake ye, and in chorus,
Tune your harps, and raise your voices—
Welcome here the song !

Hail, heroes, bards and sages,
Princely Hoel, high Cadwallon !
Night veils us, but around us
Heaven is opened,^o and its music
Lifts us to its halls !

III. THE SONG OF VICTORY.

Air—"Tôn Alarch."—(The Swan's Note.)

SHOUT, shout for victory !
Raise high the pæan !
Strong arms have conquered—
Strong hearts impelled them.
Bright hymns shall welcome us,
Loved arms embrace us,
Fond blessings follow us
Home to our halls.

Full is our triumph ;
Home now is rescued :
Sun-bright our victory ;
Stain can not dim it.
But for the fallen
Breathe now the requiem !
Glad songs should bear them
High to their heaven.

Shout, shout for victory !
Low lies the invader :
Heaven still protects us,
Shields hearth and altar.
Bards, tune your symphonies !
Swell full your chorus !
Bright deeds to other days
Flow on your songs.

Loud rings the pæan—
Youth fondly listens ;
Hearts so inspirited
Pant high for glory.
Soft tones of sorrow
Breathe for the fallen—
Welcome as incense,
Rise to the stars.

IV. THE RISING OF THE LARK.

SEE! Morning breaks,
And pours its light
O'er yonder height,
And dewy bright,
Young Day awakes.
I mount and sing,
On quivering wing,
And bear to heaven
My joyous song.
In midway air,
As flitting star,
'Mid golden beams
I float along;
While far below,
In dawn's first glow,
The woods attune
Their vocal throng.

Thus lost in light,
With sudden fall,
From heaven's high hall,
At love's sweet call,
I drop my flight;
Then mount again—
The eye in vain

Can trace me,
As I sweep on high;
But still the ear
Can ever hear
My clear notes
Falling from the sky,
As if in bush,
At evening's hush,
The nightingale
Close warbled by.

Sing! joyous lark—
My heart, with thee,
Mounts light and free—
High liberty,
Its shining mark.
Still heavenward fly!
With thee, on high,
My spirit speeds
From earth afar—
On airy wings,
Aloft it springs,
To dwell 'mid light
Of sun and star—
Full-voiced and strong,
It pours its song.
Like hymn that greets
The victor's car.

THE NORNS.



[The three Norns (*Nornir*) were the three Fates or Destinies of the Scandinavian Mythology. They were really only personifications of the three periods of time: the Past (*Urð*.) the Present (*Verandi*.) and the Future (*Skuld*.)]

URD.

FAR in the depths of ages gone I dwell—
Around me forms of earliest splendour rise ;
Temple and heaven-like dome, with graceful swell,
Blend, in their brightness, with the orient skies.
On pyramid and column, glorious, shine
High myths of heroes, carved in mystic line ;
Mysterious light, o'er all, from heaven, is thrown :
And songs of glory fill the vocal air,
Aloft the deeds of fame sublimely bear ;
Deep as the thunder, but how sweet, their tone !

VERANDI.

On the rushing stream I sweep along ;
Sun-bright o'er me swells the cloudless blue ;

Joys around, a gay, triumphant throng,
Lead me on, with high and cheerful song,
Give me ever greetings, bright and new.
Onward still the stream, in golden glow,
Heaves and tosses, as if life were there :
Warm and kindling, breathes the inspiring air ;
Wakened by its touch, in bounding flow,
Thought and feeling in the joyance share.

URD.

Calm, on my high-piled trophies, I repose—
On polished bronze I grave the immortal lay.
A stream, from unseen fountain, by me flows,
And hurrying bears my scattered leaves away.
That is the rushing stream that leads thee on :
Catch from its wave the leaves that, in the sun,
Quick flash, like ice-gems in the dawn's first light.
These from the holy past to thee are borne—
Look reverent back, nor, in thy joyance, scorn
The gifts from me, that make thy present bright.

VERANDI.

In my heart, a living spirit burns,
Nerved to earnest act and daring deed.
Never, as it hastens, back it turns ;
All the past holds buried in its urns,
Win it not to check its onward speed.

Who would give this glorious world around,
Sun-bright stream, and fair and flowery shore,
Hopes, like visions, leading on before,
On, in light, to time's remotest bound,
Give, for all the great thou hast in store !

URD.

Then speed thee reckless on—but I remain,
Where ancient glories still unfading tower :
Deeds, such as mine, shall ne'er be done again—
The fruits of godlike thought and titan power.
Where, in the mystic light of orient skies,
Vast pyramid and massive temple rise,
In shade of sacred laurel I recline.
The golden sun of morning meets me there ;
The first-born world, around me, fresh and fair—
Its life, its love, its music, all divine !

VERANDI.

On the rushing stream, away ! away !
While the moments win us, speed along !
As the favouring winds around us play,
We have, too, a heart-inspiring lay ;
Only joy and hope awake our song.
Or should tempest meet me on my path,
Fearlessly my track I still pursue ;
Strength and skill is mine, to bear me through ;

Soon the wasting storm shall spend its wrath—
Joyous day again its light renew.

SKULD.

Far on the boundless deep I hold my throne,
Where clouds and darkness rear their wondrous
wall :

Deep in their solemn shades I dwell alone ;
No stranger's foot has ever touched my hall.
The stream of time still rushes to the main ;
Its golden waves attract the eye in vain :
Amid the clouds that round me rise afar,
One faint light draws it, like a magic star.

That light is from my shrine—in fuller glow
It burns, than all your brightest years have known :
Still burns it on, in one eternal flow,
When past and present fame is ever gone.
Speed on, then, o'er the deep!—though, dim and
dark,
High heave the clouds, be that your beacon mark!
Through the dun shades ye pass ; then holiest
day
Sweeps, in illimitable bliss, away !



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